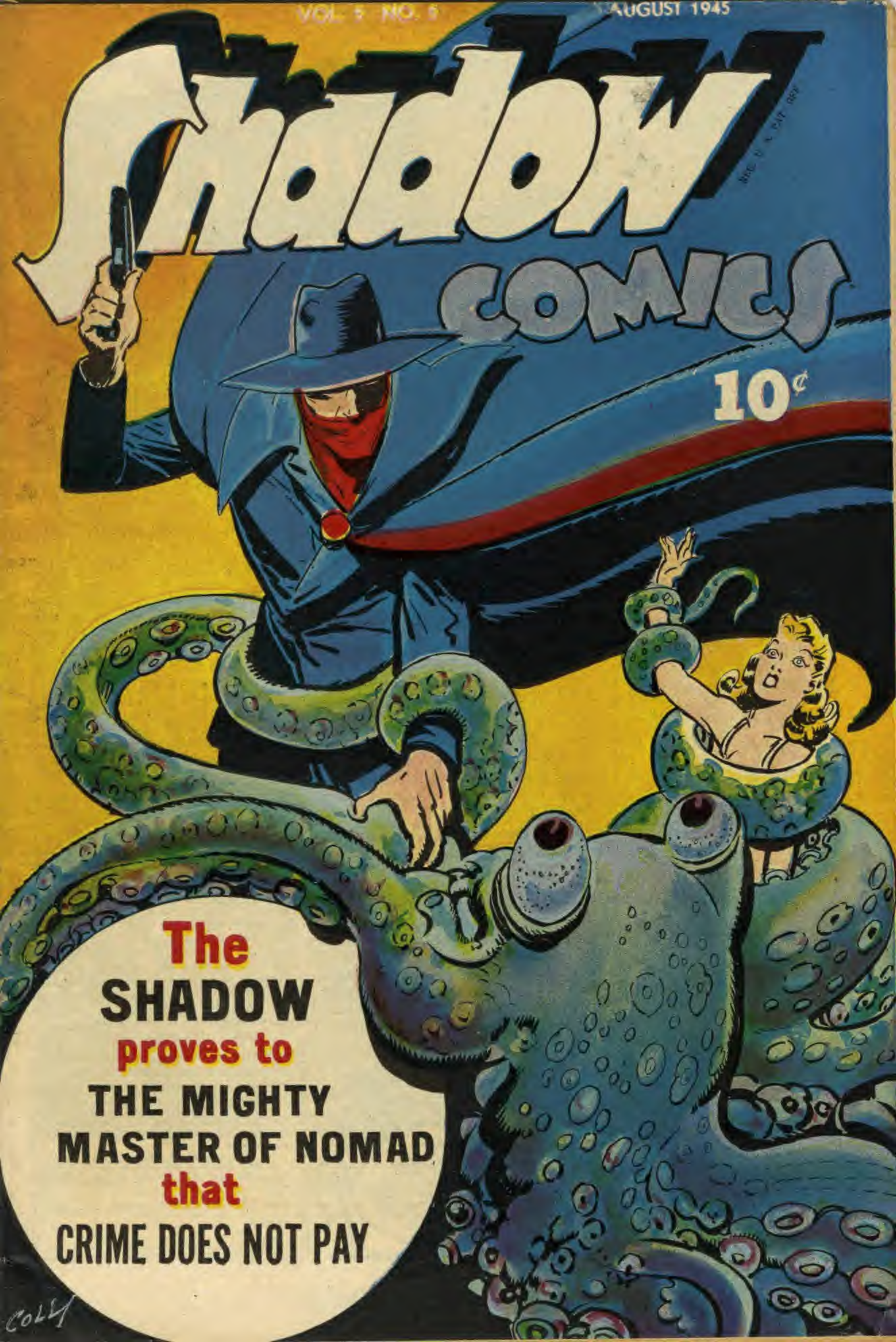


Shadow

COMICS

10¢



The
SHADOW
proves to
THE MIGHTY
MASTER OF NOMAD
that
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

COLL



DALE EVANS, Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"

Lovely DALE EVANS Says:
**"IT'S EASY
 TO LEARN
 DANCING!"**

Dale is Right

**...and This Book will Teach
 You in 5 Days...or NO COST!**

**IF YOU CAN DO THIS
 STEP—YOU CAN
 DANCE IN 5 DAYS**



Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Chock full of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions.

★ ★ ★

**LEARN NEWEST DANCE STEPS,
 INCLUDING RHUMBA, SAMBA,
 CONGA, JITTERBUG, FOXTROT
 and WALTZ!**

Take a tip from Dale Evans, talented young dancing star of Republic Pictures. Let dancing open the door to Romance and Happiness for you! Don't let others have all the fun while life passes you by. Be popular... have dates every night instead of sitting alone feeling sorry for yourself!

EASY-TO-FOLLOW LESSONS!

This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course — not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours — give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

MAKE THIS TEST!

Don't let another day go by without sending for this amazing book that has already taught thousands of men and women to dance. It's packed full of easy-to-understand diagrams and explains in clear, simple language, how to do the Jitterbug, Rumba, Conga, Samba and other exciting new dances that are sweeping the country, besides the ever-popular Waltz, Fox Trot, and many old-time favorites. Surprise your friends by knowing how to do all the latest steps. Resolve now, never again to refuse an invitation because you can't dance. If you really want to know how to dance and will act now, we'll send you as a gift, 2 additional books Free of any extra charge, "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps." Simply send the coupon for your copy of "Dancing," by Betty Lee. Pay posman when *All Three Books* are delivered. Then follow instructions by practicing the simple easy lessons each day. And remember — if not satisfied with results in 5 days you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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Send me by return mail, in plain wrapper "Dancing," by Betty Lee, and include 2 free books, "Swing Steps" and "Tip Top Tapping."

Ship C.O.D. I will pay posman \$1.98 plus postage.

I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid. If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return the book and you will refund purchase price.

Name

Address

City



The Shadow Meets

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DAMON THE NOMAD

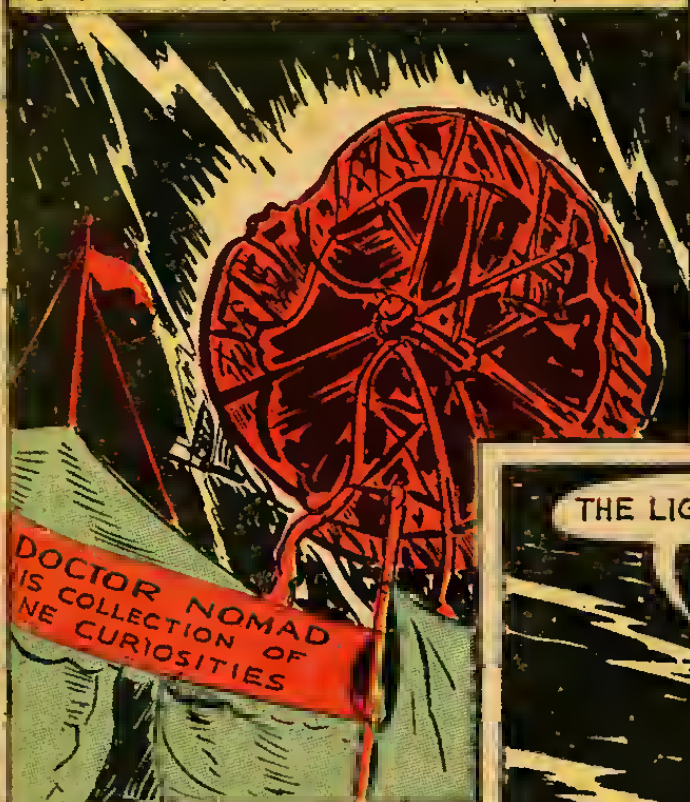
and his Unseen Horrors!!!



DAMON THE NOMAD
MIGHTY MASTER OF THE MONAD,
BEGINS A CAREER OF SUPERCRIME
THAT CAN BE STOPPED ONLY BY
THE SHADOW!!!
OR CAN IT?
READ AND LEARN!!!!



JUST THEN LIGHTNING STRIKES—



THERE GO THE
LIGHTS, DOC!

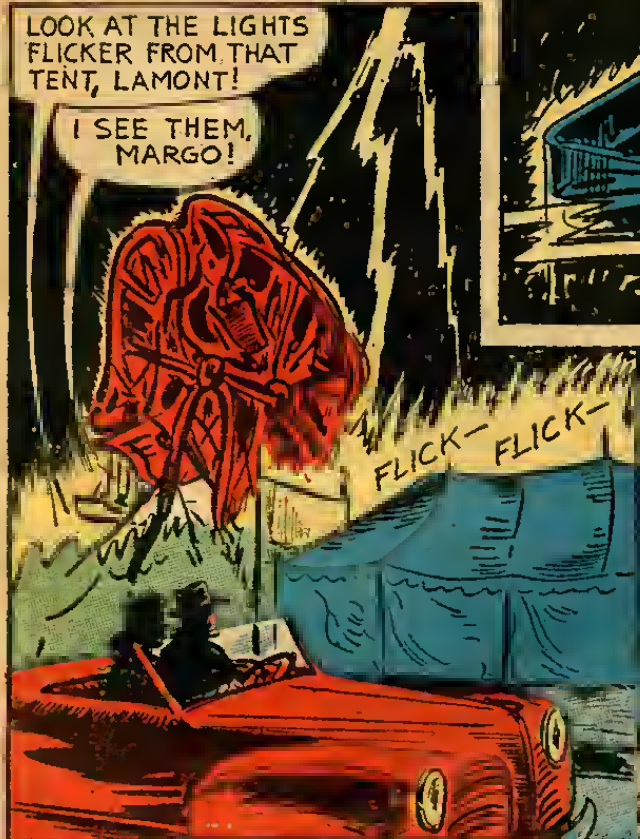
GET THE PEOPLE
OUT, AT ONCE!



LOOK AT THE LIGHTS
FLICKER FROM THAT
TENT, LAMONT!

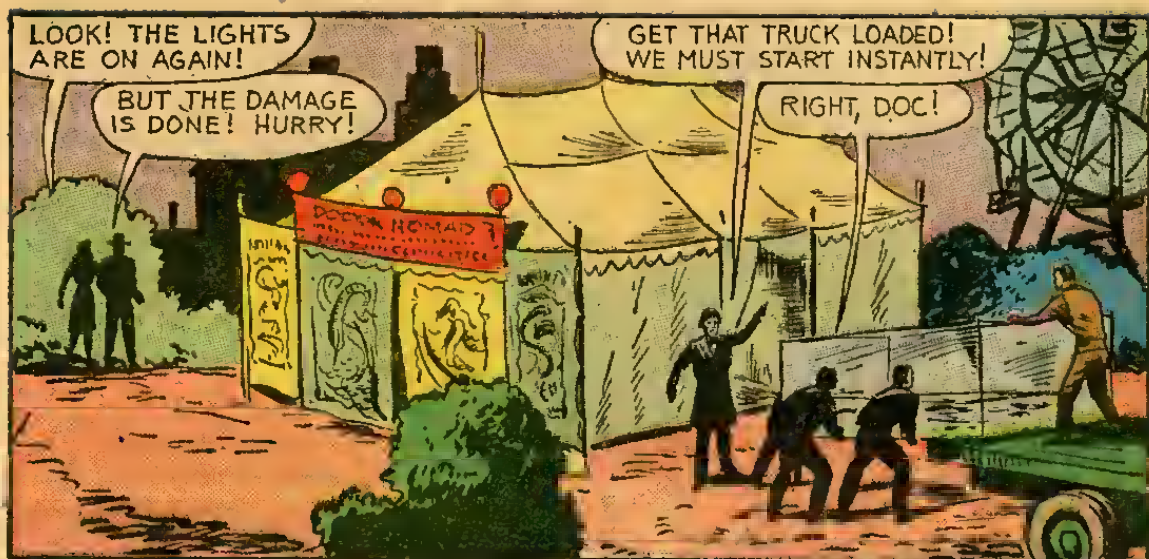
I SEE THEM,
MARGO!

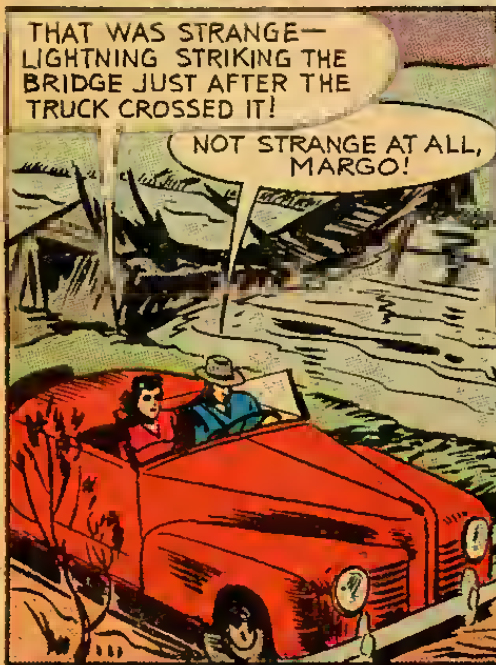
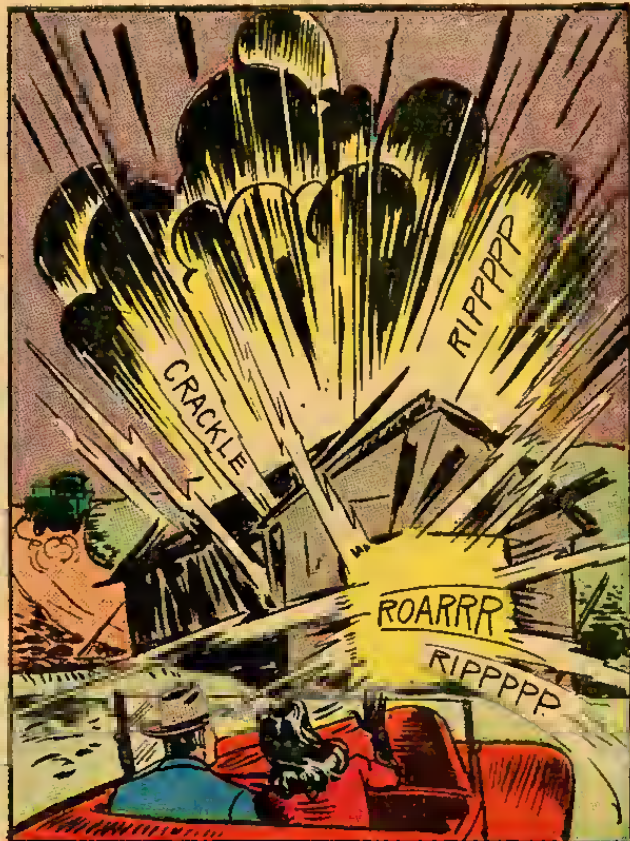
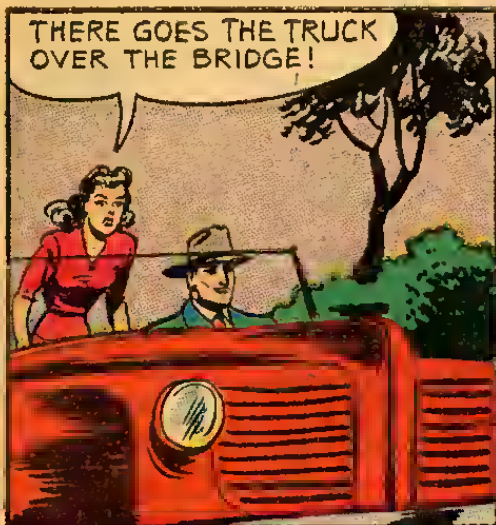
FLICK—FLICK—



COME ON! WE'RE GETTING
OVER TO THAT TENT!



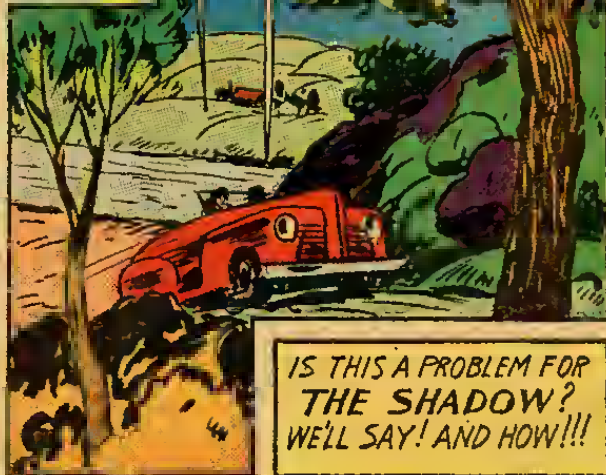




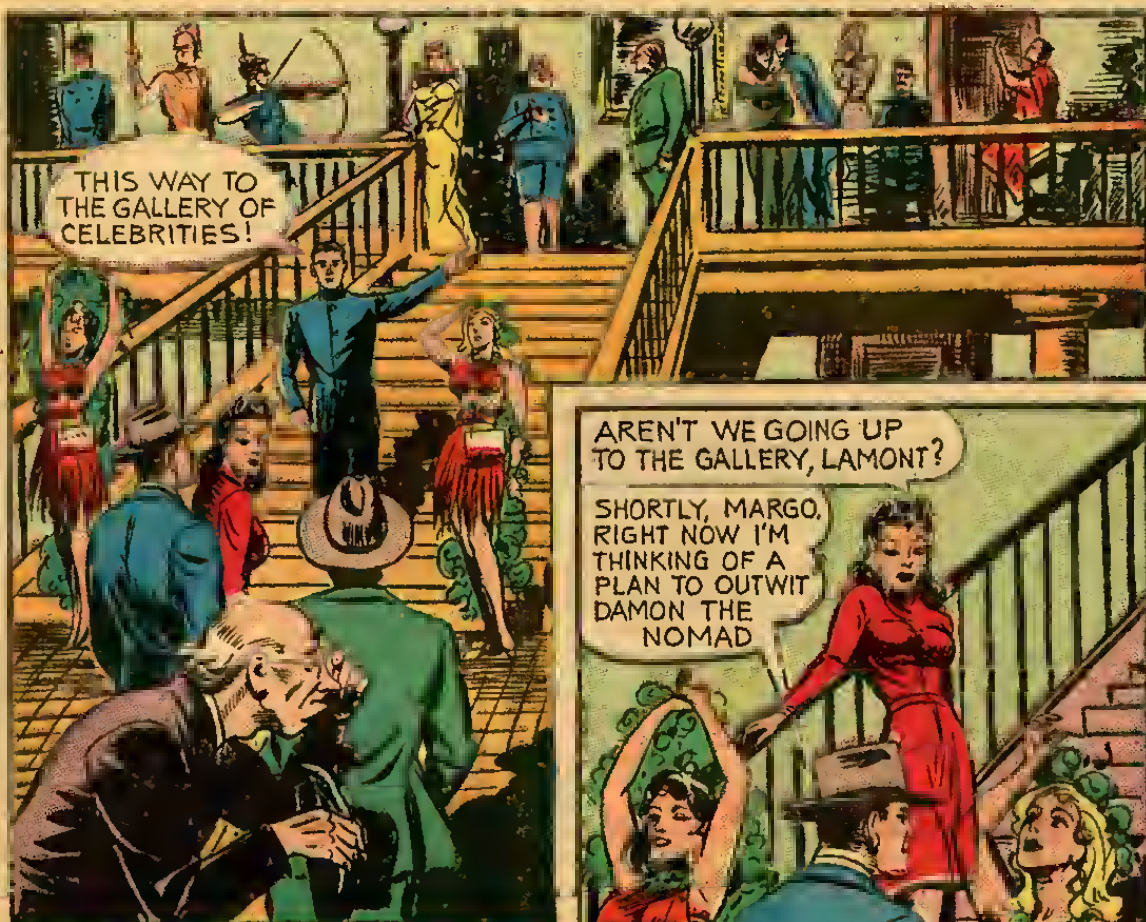
YOU MEAN THAT DOCTOR NOMAD HAS SOME SYSTEM OF HURLING ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING?

SOMETHING MORE INSIDIOUS THAN THAT, MARGO! UNLESS WE CAN LEARN WHERE THE TRUCK WENT, THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT NOMAD MAY UNLEASH!

BECAUSE THE LIGHTNING CAME FROM SOMETHING IN THE TRUCK JUST AS THOSE EARLIER STROKES CAME FROM SOMETHING IN THE CARNIVAL TENT!







AREN'T WE GOING UP TO THE GALLERY, LAMONT?

SHORTLY, MARGO. RIGHT NOW I'M THINKING OF A PLAN TO OUTWIT DAMON THE NOMAD



MEANWHILE, IN THE CRYPT OF THE WAXWORK MUSEUM

WE'RE DOING GOOD BUSINESS, DOC—I MEAN PROF.

DON'T BOTHER ME! MY PLANS ARE REACHING A CULMINATION!



JELLY-FISH—TRANSPARENT EELS! HA!



I NEVER KNEW WHY YOU KEPT THEM CRITTERS, DOC! THE ELECTRIC EELS GAVE US ALL OUR TROUBLE AND NOBODY COULD SEE THEM NOHOW!

ALL THE BETTER!



I NEED THE EELS BECAUSE THEY ARE INVISIBLE LIKE THE JELLY-FISH! BUT EELS ARE INTELLIGENT AND POWERFUL!

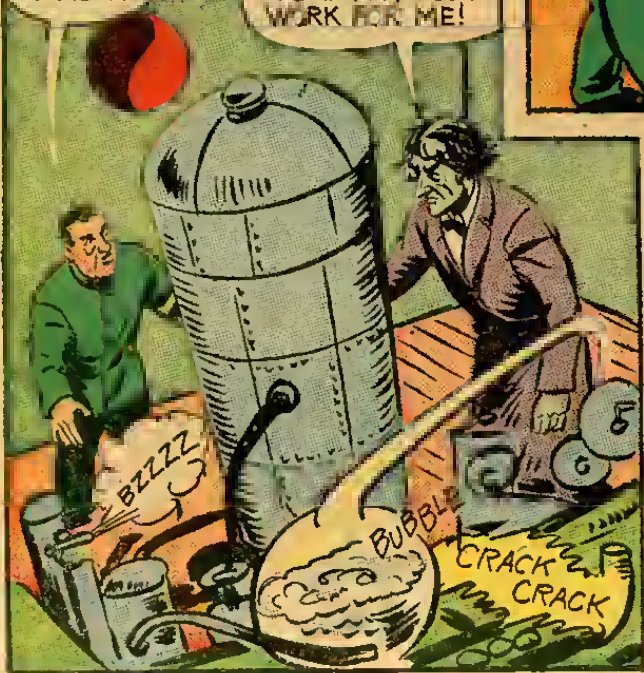


FROM THESE I SHALL CREATE HIGHER LIFE IN THE FORM OF UNSEEN MONSTERS THAT SHALL OBEY MY BIDDING!



BUT DOC—SWITCHING YOUR NAME FROM NOMAD TO DAMON WASN'T ENOUGH OF A CHANGE—OR WAS IT

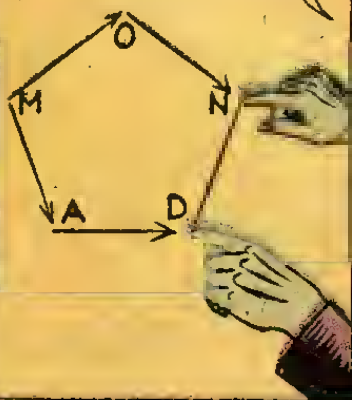
IT WAS! UNLESS MY NAME WAS COMPOSED OF THOSE FIVE LETTERS, NO FORMULA WOULD WORK FOR ME!



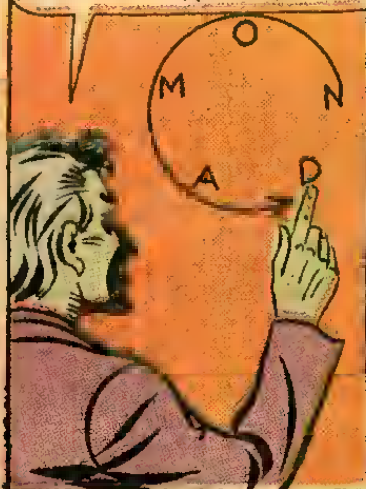
THOSE LETTERS REPRESENT THE POINTS OF AN ESOTERIC PENTAGRAM WHICH SPELLS THE WORD MONAD, THE LIFE SYMBOL REPRESENTED HERE!



READING FIRST THE TOP
AND THEN THE BOTTOM
ROW, THE PENTAGRAM SAYS
MONAD



READ AROUND THIS WAY,
IT SPELLS NOMAD



AND THIS WAY IT SPELLS
DAMON



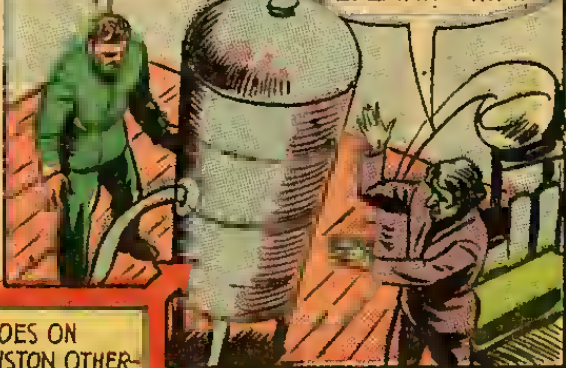
THANKS FOR EXPLAINING
ALL THIS, DOC, BUT WHAT
ARE YOU GOING TO DO
WITH THE MONSTERS?

I SHALL
USE THEM IN
SCHEMES OF
CRIME!



SOUNDS SWELL,
DOC- BUT WON'T
THAT PUT YOU IN
WRONG WITH
THE SHADOW?

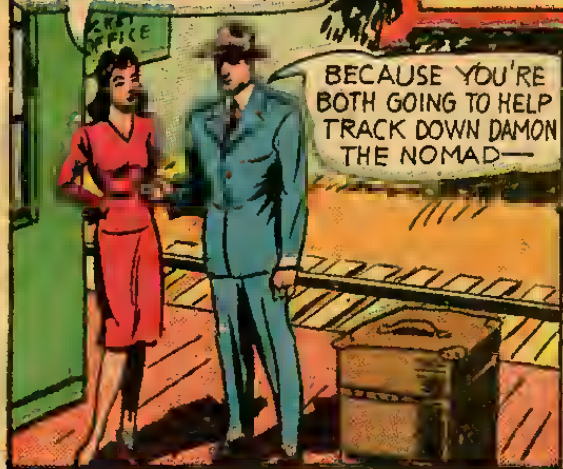
WHO CARES? BY MY
CALCULATIONS MY
CREATURES WILL BE
TWICE AS INVISIBLE AS
THE SHADOW AND
THEREFORE CAPABLE OF
DEFEATING HIM!



WHILE THIS GOES ON
LAMONT CRANSTON, OTHER-
WISE *THE SHADOW*,
FORMS HIS OWN PLANS
ALL UNSUSPECTING OF
DAMON'S HEINOUS SCHEMES!

SO YOU WIRED VALDA
AND SHE'S COMING ON
THIS TRAIN. WHY?

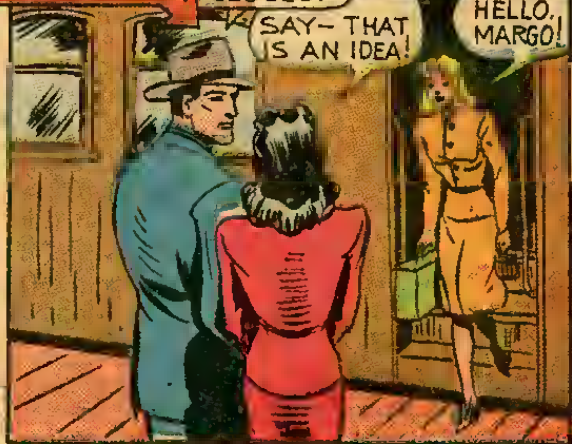
BECAUSE YOU'RE
BOTH GOING TO HELP
TRACK DOWN DAMON
THE NOMAD—

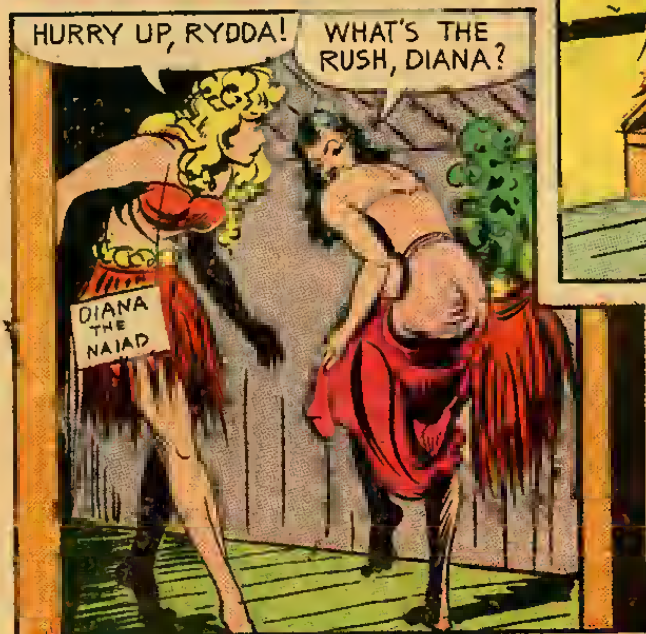


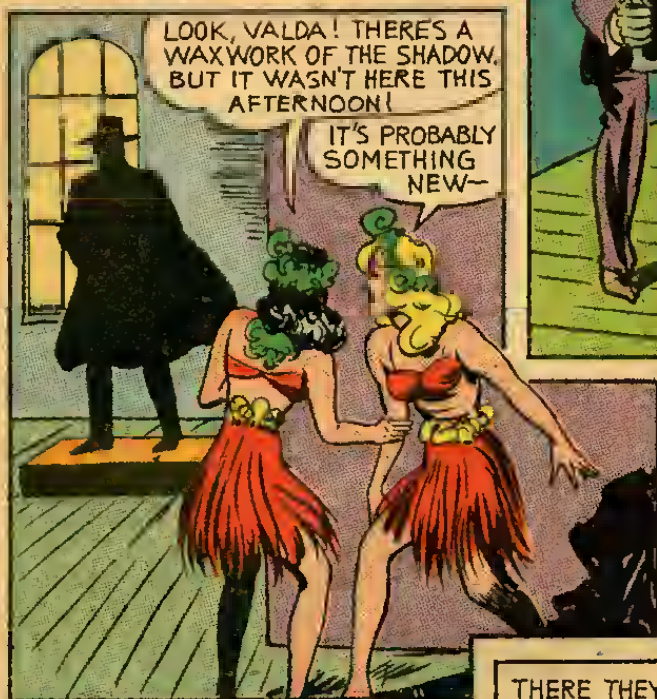
BY TAKING THE PLACES OF
THE WAX NAIAD AND DRYAD,
SO YOU CAN CHECK WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN THE MUSEUM
CLOSES!

SAY- THAT
IS AN IDEA!

HELLO,
MARGO!







LOOK! MY MONSTERS
HAVE TRAPPED THEM!

SOMETHING
HAS GRABBED
ME!

SAME HERE-
AND IT'S
LIKE A
LIVE WIRE!



AT THAT, THE FIGURE OF THE SHADOW
COMES SUDDENLY TO LIFE!



AN INVISIBLE MONSTER!



WHY DID THE DOOR SLAM
PROF?

THE SHADOW
MUST HAVE
ARRIVED!



AND THE SHADOW IS VISIBLE
TO MY MONSTERS WHILE THEY
REMAIN UNSEEN TO HIM!



WHILE DAMON THE
NOMAD GLOATS OVER
THE SHADOW'S
HOPELESS DILEMMA,
THE SHADOW IN HIS
TURN FINDS A WAY
TO TURN THE
MONSTROUS TIDE!!

THEY'RE GETTING
WEAKER ALREADY

OF COURSE! THE MONSTERS HAVE
ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO PARALYZE
THEIR VICTIMS-AND THAT APPLIES
TO THE SHADOW!

NOT WHILE
I CAN STILL
PULL THIS
LEVER!

HERE COMES THE GAS - AND THE
MONSTER IS TURNING GREEN-EYED
ALREADY!

THESE MONSTERS
ARE SOFTIES ONCE
YOU CAN SEE
THEM!

SOMETHING CERTAINLY
HIT THAT MONSTER LIKE
A CYCLONE!

QUICK! TURN OFF THE
GAS! IT'S MADE THE
MONSTERS VISIBLE!

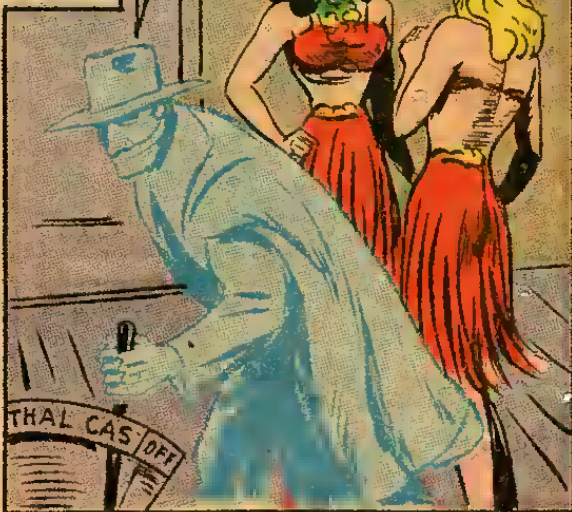
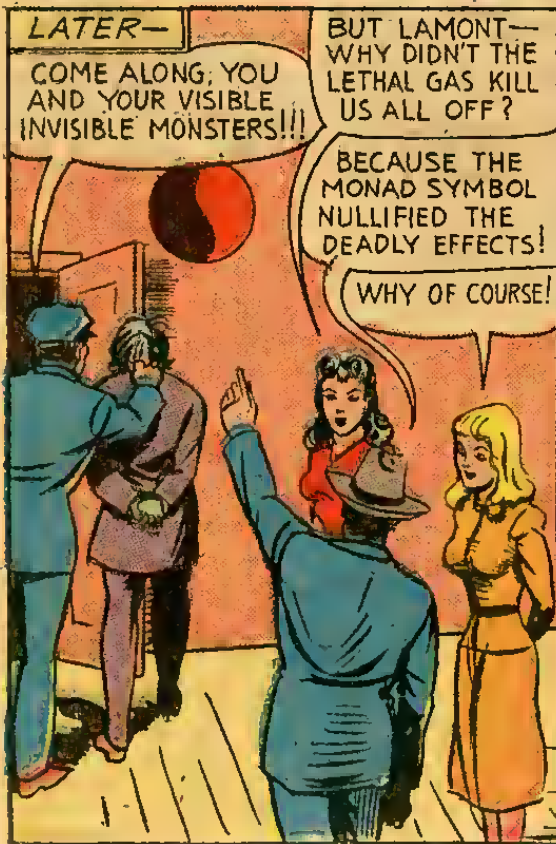
ON LETHAL GAS OFF



NOW TO TURN DAMON THE NOMAD OVER TO THE POLICE!

AND THAT WAS THAT!

UNTIL THE SHADOW SHOWED THEM WHAT WAS WHAT!



NURSES ARE NEEDED!

ENLIST **NOW!**

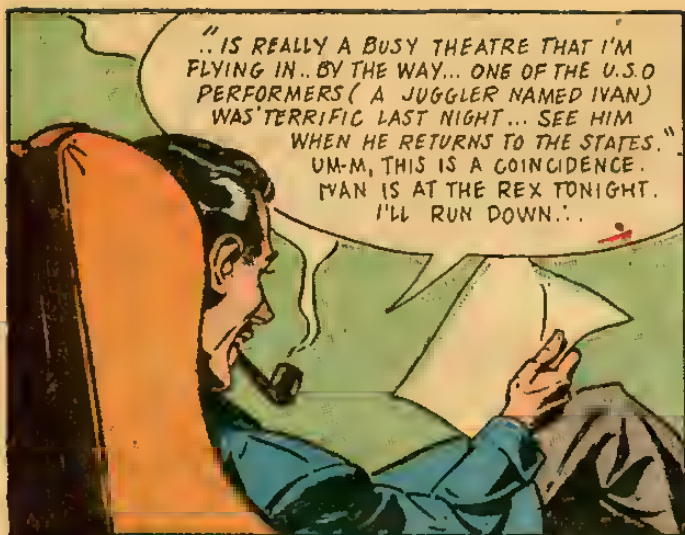
NICK CARTER

Presenting.. Death!

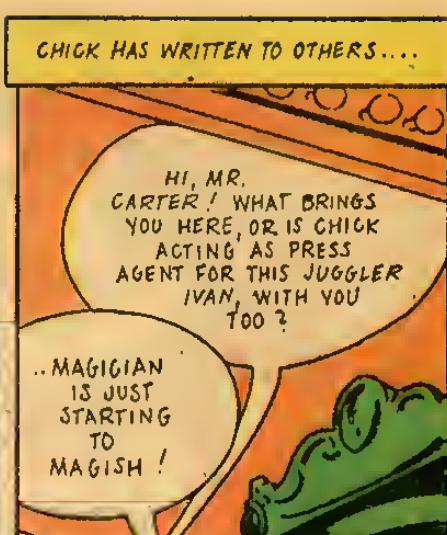


V-MAIL FOR NICK CARTER.....





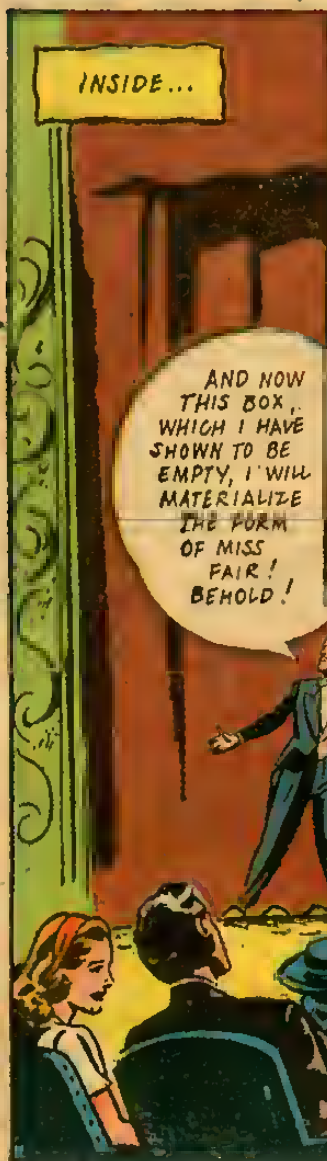
"IS REALLY A BUSY THEATRE THAT I'M FLYING IN.. BY THE WAY... ONE OF THE U.S.O PERFORMERS (A JUGGLER NAMED IVAN) WAS TERRIFIC LAST NIGHT... SEE HIM WHEN HE RETURNS TO THE STATES." UM-M, THIS IS A COINCIDENCE. IVAN IS AT THE REX TONIGHT. I'LL RUN DOWN..



CHICK HAS WRITTEN TO OTHERS....

HI, MR. CARTER! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, OR IS CHICK ACTING AS PRESS AGENT FOR THIS JUGGLER IVAN, WITH YOU TOO?

..MAGICIAN IS JUST STARTING TO MAGISH!



INSIDE...

AND NOW THIS BOX, WHICH I HAVE SHOWN TO BE EMPTY, I WILL MATERIALIZE THE FORM OF MISS FAIR! BEHOLD!

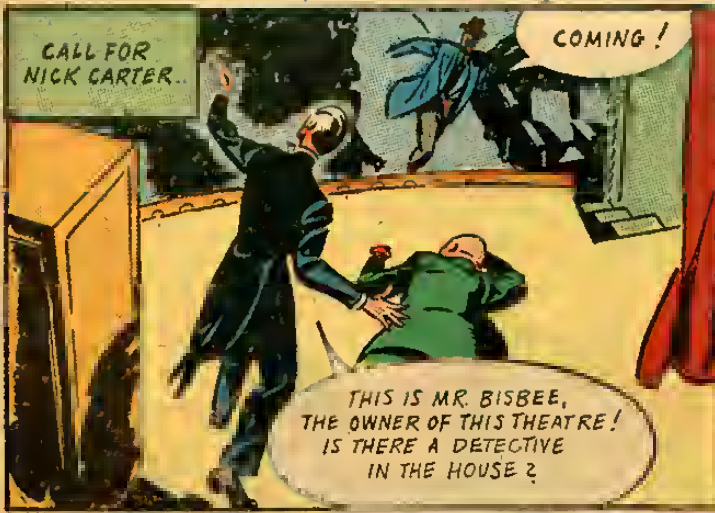


YOU HIT IT ON THE NOSE, SUE! IF THAT ISN'T TYPICAL OF A BOY... NOTHING ABOUT HOW HE IS, JUST A RAVE ABOUT ~~THE~~ OR OTHER...

WHAT ACT IS ON NOW, MISS?



BEHOLD.... THE CHARMING MISS.... GAH! HE'S DEAD!



CALL FOR
NICK CARTER...

COMING!

THIS IS MR. BISBEE,
THE OWNER OF THIS THEATRE!
IS THERE A DETECTIVE
IN THE HOUSE?



RING THE CURTAIN
DOWN! SUE, BEEF, PHONE
THE POLICE! TRY TO
PREVENT ANYONE
FROM LEAVING THE
THEATRE!



HOW WAS THE GIRL SUPPOSED
TO APPEAR IN
THE BOX?

SHE WAS TO
COME UP THRU
THIS TRAP
UNDER IT!



YOU SEE THE ELEVATOR WAS TO
BRING HER UP FROM UNDER THE
STAGE AND INTO THE BOX WHICH
IS BOTTOMLESS!

INSTEAD THE
DEAD MAN WAS PUT ON
THE ELEVATOR... WHERE'S
THE GIRL!



THAT'S RIGHT!
WHERE IS SHE? GOOD
HEAVENS! SHE
MAY BE....

TAKE IT EASY!
I THINK I SEE HER
DOWN HERE...



IS SHE,
IS SHE...?

SHE'S NOT DEAD.
SHE'S BEEN HIT ON
THE HEAD.. BUT BY WHOM?
WHAT THE DEVIL IS
THIS ALL ABOUT?



THE POLICE WANT TO KNOW THAT TOO,...

AM I GLAD
YOU WERE A
WITNESS, MR.
CARTER. WHAT
CAN YOU
TELL US?

DON'T BE TOO GLAD. I
DON'T KNOW A THING YET!
SUPPOSE WE ROUND UP
ALL THE CAST MEMBERS
AND TRY TO GET TO
THE BOTTOM OF
THIS?



A LITTLE
LATER....

THIS IS THE CAST.
IVAN, THE JUGGLER,
YVONNE, THE SINGER,
AND...

... AND US,
THE BEST TAP
DANCERS, WITH THE
EXCEPTION OF BILL
ROBINSON, IN THE
WORLD!

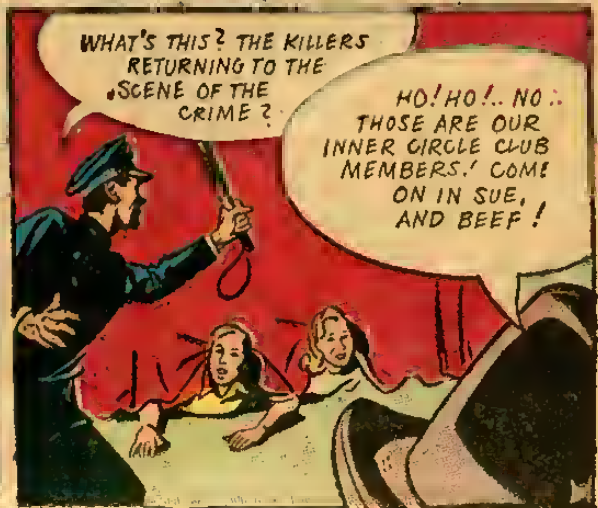
THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE
ABOUT YOU HAMS.
YOU'RE SO
MODEST!

WHICH ONE OF YOU
SAW MR. BISBEE LAST..
AND WHEN?



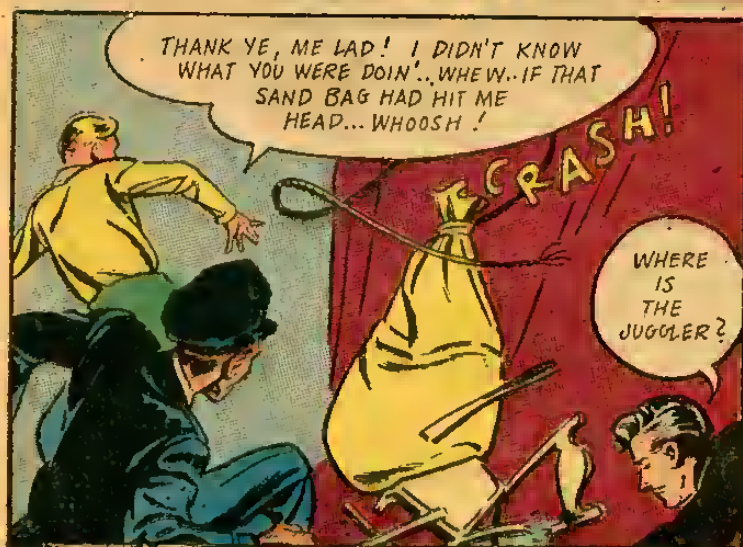
WE ALL SAW HIM
AT THE SAME TIME.
TODAY WAS THE DAY
THE EAGLE
FLEW!

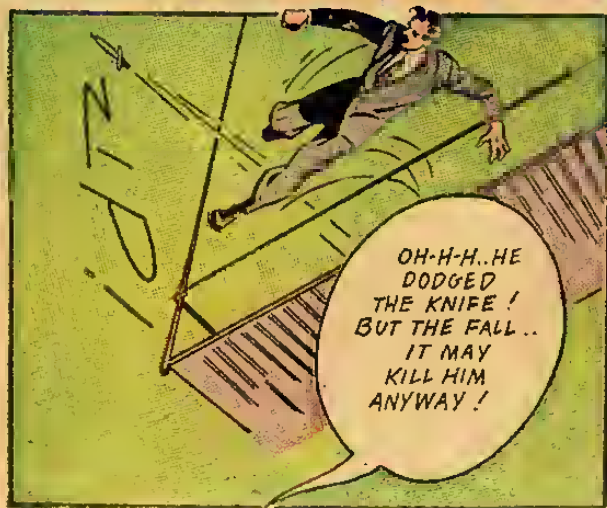
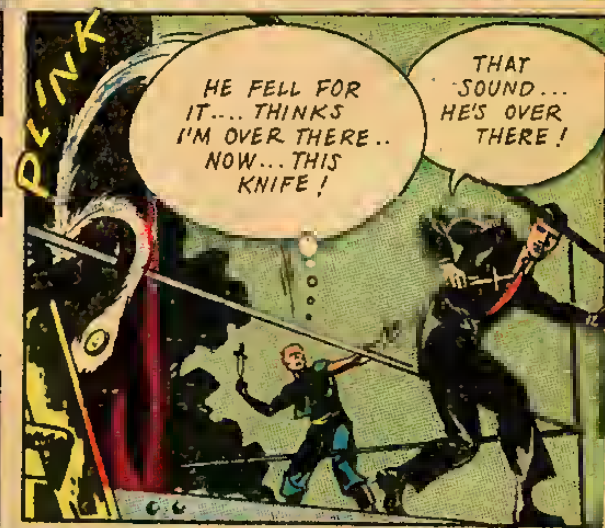
PAY DAY, EH?
THEN YOU WERE
ALL TOGETHER. THE
STAGEHANDS SAY
THEY DIDN'T SEE
BISBEE AFTER THAT.
EVIDENTLY, HE
WAS KILLED
WHEN....



WHAT'S THIS? THE KILLERS
RETURNING TO THE
SCENE OF THE
CRIME?

HO! HO!.. NO..
THOSE ARE OUR
INNER CIRCLE CLUB
MEMBERS! COME
ON IN SUE,
AND BEEF!









AND THAT'S
THAT! END OF
STORY...

OH NO IT
ISN'T! IF THIS
GUY WAS THE TWIN
OF THE REAL
IVAN. HOW'D YOU
KNOW HE WASN'T
WHO HE WAS
PRETENDING
TO BE?



THAT WAS EASY!
I JUST LOOKED
AT HIS
ARMS!

HUH?

MY BOY, CHICK
JUST WROTE AND TOLD
ME HE'D SEEN IVAN THE
JUGGLER ON AN OVERSEAS
TOUR. WELL HE COULD
HAVE COME BACK TO PLAY
HERE BUT HIS ARMS WERE
CLEAR! THEREFORE,
HE WASN'T THE IVAN
THAT CHICK
HAD SEEN!



WHADDYE MEAN
HIS ARMS WERE
CLEAR?

BEFORE A PERFORMER
GOES OVERSEAS HE HAS TO
GET A SERIES OF INJECT-
IONS AGAINST FEVER, ETC.
THIS IMPOSTER NEVER HAD
THEM! HIS ARMS WERE
CLEAR! IS THAT
CLEAR?

AS CLEAR
AS THE CASE!
LET'S GO.....

BE PATRIOTIC!
SAVE EVERY
SCRAP
OF PAPER
AND
WE'LL WIN
THIS SCRAP!!



INNER CIRCLE



THE SKULL ON THE WINDOW!!!

"Mr. Carter, you promised a long while ago to tell us a story that had a very intriguing title," said Sue.

"What was that?" asked Nick. The occasion was the monthly meeting of the Inner Circle which had been started by Nick's foster son, Chick, and was being carried on by Nick while Chick was serving his country in the Air Force.

"The title, and it's always stuck in my mind, was, the Skull on the Window!" said Sue.

Nick smiled. "Oh, that. Yes. I remember. The name should have been the skull on the window sill. How about it, would you all like me to tell that one?"

The roar of assent from the members made Nick smile again. "I can see there are no two ways about it. Here goes, then. It was a wicked night that it all began. The snow was more like hail. It penetrated right through your clothes. I felt very sorry for myself even having to be out on such a beastly night. A phone call had roused me from my warm bed. I hurried out and needless to say on such a night there were no cabs. I had to walk.

"The call had been from a neighbor of a client of mine. I wasn't quite sure what had happened. When I reached the neighbor's house, he was waiting at the window for me.

I hurried in to the warmth of his place and he, his name was Beaufort, said, 'Am I glad you came!'

"I waited," Nick said. "Beaufort was upset. As I stayed calm, he got more excited. He said, 'I'm sure something's wrong with Smithers!'

"Smithers was the name of my client. I waited again and Beaufort went on, 'Not long ago I looked out of my back window, it faces Smithers' house.' He paused again.

"I cued him, 'Yes?' He said, 'Gulp, there's a—a—a skull on his window! It has shining eyes that glisten in the night! I can see it from my window!'

"Well, that was a poser. He accompanied me out of the house and across his back yard. We stood outside Smithers' house and I rang the bell. There was no answer. I couldn't imagine what in the world the skull had been doing on the sill. I didn't see it at that time as it was around in a window in the back of the house. The two houses, Beaufort's and Smithers' were about three hundred yards apart. I rang the bell again. Still no answer. I figured it was no time for half measures so with no more ado, I picked the lock. The door swung open and—silence greeted us."

The members of the Inner Circle were all attention.

Nick went on. "I lead the way. Beaufort

was not at all happy about the situation. He clung to my shadow. He followed me as we went through the silent rooms. Upstairs, we found Smithers, stretched out on the floor next to an open window. He was stiff and dead. Through the open window, snow drifted in on silent feet. It covered his head. Above him, on the window sill, was the skull that had attracted Beaufort's attention. It was life size. Whipping out

I'll call the pol—'

"I stopped him with a wave of my hand," said Nick, "and asked him when he'd seen his master last."

Nick had a drink of water. "The servant figured that it'd been all of three hours since he'd served dinner. He hadn't seen Smithers since. When I prodded his slow memory, he thought that perhaps he'd heard a muffled thump about an hour ago."

Beef said, "The thump was the dead man's body hitting the floor, I'll bet!"

Nick nodded. "That was what I figured, too. The snow hadn't started to fall till a half an hour ago. I looked out the window. Sure enough there were no footprints in the snow. The murderer, if he had left the house, had left before the snow started to fall. I held the skull up and asked the servant what he knew about it. He didn't look at all surprised. It seemed it was just a curio that Smithers had picked up in Mexico. The servant had no idea how the skull came to be in the window, but he said that



a handkerchief, I used the cloth to pick up the skull. As I turned it around to look at it, jeweled eyes glittered in the murder room.

"The skull was the size of a human one. Set in the gaping sockets were two diamonds. These were what glittered and sparkled. The eyes looked like live things." Nick paused, then said, "In a way, the skull spoke to me, for it was the skull that told me who the killer of my client was!"

Beef looked puzzled at Nick's statement but for a change said nothing. Sue seemed to know what Nick meant for she had the satisfied look of the cat that ate the canary, as Nick picked up the thread of narrative.

"I called out louder than I had before. In the other part of the house I heard footsteps. It was an aged servant, almost deaf. He bustled in at a rate that would have beaten a slow snail and said querulously, 'Here, here, what is it? Ohhh—Mr. Smithers! He's—dead! What are you two doing!



Smithers always liked to show it to company.

"That seemed to indicate that whoever had stabbed Smithers had been a friend of his. He had felt enough at ease to show the intruder his curio. I filed that away in the back of my mind and started to look around the room more carefully.

"Look as hard as I could, there were no clues. Nothing in the world to indicate who had committed murder . . . nothing

but the testimony of the skull, left carelessly in the window."

Beef, ramming a handful of candy in his mouth looked thoughtful. He finally cleared his throat and asked, "I don't get it at all. You were able to solve the case with no other clue except that of the skull?"

"Yep," said Nick. "It was all there for me to interpret. Just as it is for all of you. I can see that Sue has spotted what I did. Have any of you others got an idea?"

Silence was his answer. They were all wracking their brains, particularly the boy members of the Inner Circle, because they didn't like the idea of Sue beating them to the solution. But it got them nowhere. The skull didn't speak for them!

"I can see that the problem has you licked. I'll give you some information that may help. When I say that the skull helped me to catch the killer, I don't mean that it was enough proof to convict, it was just that the skull told me *who* the killer was, then I had to dig out the motive and make the noose stick. Now does that help any?"

"I can take a hint," smiled Nick. "O.K. from the lead the skull gave me, on the following day, I made some queries about Smithers' business affairs. I questioned his employees. I looked up his bank balance. I sent out a few telegrams. When I had collated all the dope I had, I was sure that the skull had told the truth.

"Therefore, the following night, accompanied by two members of the Homicide Squad, I trudged through the snow and again knocked on Beaufort's door.

"He seemed a little surprised to see me. He was even more surprised when I nodded at him and one of the detectives whipped out a pair of handcuffs. Beaufort was ready to fight for a moment but then he shrugged and said, 'I can't imagine what this is all about, but maybe there is some reason for this insanity! If there isn't, I shall sue for false arrest!'

"The detectives were impressed by his seeming ignorance of what was going on but I disregarded it. I said, 'You managed very nicely up to a point, Beaufort. I did a little snooping today and found out that you were the silent partner in Smithers' business. I found out, too, that Smithers was robbing

you blind. But all that doesn't excuse you from killing him when you had a fight last night. Only one thing puzzles me. Why did you call me? And why for such a peculiar reason? I can only see one answer. You wanted someone there to see that he had died before twelve o'clock when your contract with him expired. With his death the contract is automatically renewed.

"You couldn't just call the police and say, I think Smithers is dead because that would have given you away. Instead you



called me and told me that yarn about seeing the skull!"

Nick paused. "It was strange to see the man crumple the way he did. I had hit the nail on the head. One of the detectives asked, about the skull. I told him about Beaufort telling me he had seen the skull on the window."

Beef couldn't stand it any longer. "Well, what about the skull? How did it speak to you? What did it say?"

Nick smiled. "It said, 'look at me. I am only ten inches high—and yet Beaufort claimed he could see me across three hundred yards on a snowy night!' Then the skull said, 'Beaufort is a liar! No one could see me under those conditions!'"

Sue smiled at Beef. Beef did not look happy. He said, "Of all things! Why didn't I spot that?"



TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

Lyndon B. Johnson William H. Leahy
Dwight D. Eisenhower Arthur H. CofE
Dwight D. Eisenhower C. M. McNamara
H. H. Arnold



**MAKE THIS HIS LUCKY SEVENTH
- BUY A BOND TODAY -**

THE GHOST ARTIST

IN STUDIO B



AH, MY CHARMING FRIENDS—

OH, MR. STANWARD, WELCOME—

ANOTHER THRILLING
NEWSPAPER STORY OF "BING"
DALGREN, FAMOUS REPORTER OF
THE TIMES-NEWS
STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON TISHER

ANOTHER MASTERPIECE OF STANWARD'S—

MAGNIFICENT! NO AMERICAN PAINTER CAN COMPETE WITH HIM—

JOSEPH STANWARD WAS RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE GREAT PAINTERS OF THIS COUNTRY—MANY OF THE ULTRA WEALTHY WERE HIS EAGER PATRONS, BUYING HIS ART FOR FABULOUS PRICES—NUMEROUS ART GALLERIES EXHIBITED HIS BRILLIANT WORK—HE WAS CONSTANTLY LIONIZED BY EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY AND WAS A WELCOME GUEST WHEREVER HE CHOSE TO GO—



ART CRITICS (PROFESSIONAL ONES) EXTOLLED HIS WORK AS POSSESSING A SPIRIT, A PECULIAR MOOD OF ITS OWN—THEY DECLARED HE WAS IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF—HIS SPACIOUS STUDIO WAS ON THE TOP FLOOR OF A BUILDING KNOWN FOR ITS DISTINGUISHED TENANTS—

A BRILLIANT CONCEPTION, MR. STANWARD—

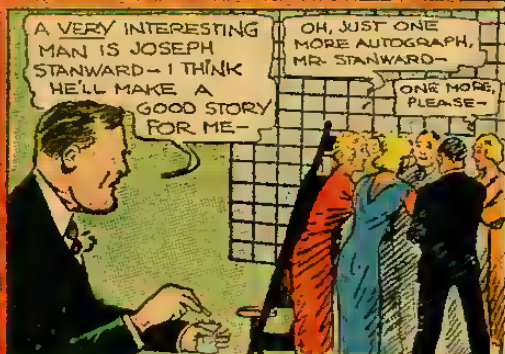
POSITIVELY EXQUISITE—THE TREATMENT IS UTTERLY DIVINE—

MY DEAR FRIENDS, YOU INSPIRE ME—

A VERY INTERESTING MAN IS JOSEPH STANWARD—I THINK HE'LL MAKE A GOOD STORY FOR ME—

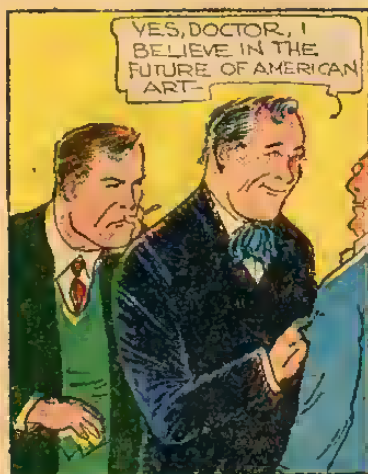
OH, JUST ONE MORE AUTOGRAPH, MR. STANWARD—

ONE MORE, PLEASE—

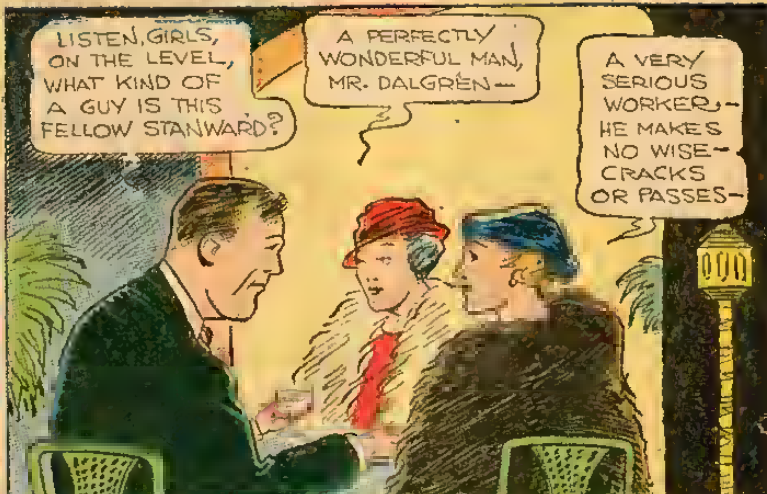


HERE STANWARD FREQUENTLY HELD LEVEES FOR HIS PATRONS, POTENTIAL PATRONS AND OTHERS HIGH IN THE SOCIAL ATMOSPHERE OF THE CITY—HE NEVER LOST SIGHT OF THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT OF HIS ART—ON THE AFTERNOON OF FEBRUARY 22, 1934, BING DALGREN DECIDED TO ATTEND ONE OF THESE LEVEES—

MANY NOTED PEOPLE WERE THERE—THEY GAZED ADMIRINGLY AT THE LARGE PAINTINGS—SOME BEGGED THE PRIVILEGE OF BUYING THEM—OTHERS REQUESTED AUTOGRAPHS—DALGREN DETERMINED TO DO A STORY ABOUT STANWARD—AND WHAT A STORY IT TURNED OUT TO BE—



YES, DOCTOR, I BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN ART—



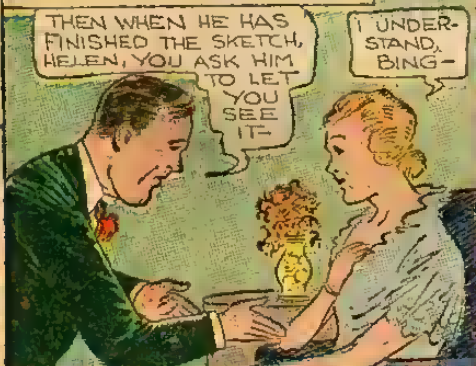
LISTEN, GIRLS, ON THE LEVEL, WHAT KIND OF A GUY IS THIS FELLOW STANWARD?

A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL MAN, MR. DALGREN—

A VERY SERIOUS WORKER— HE MAKES NO WISE- CRACKS OR PASSES—

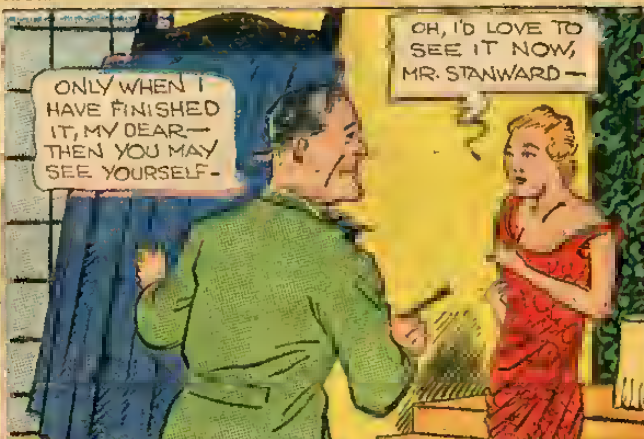
THE FOLLOWING WEEK A STANWARD EXHIBITION WAS, HELD IN ONE OF NEW YORK'S LEADING ART GALLERIES— THE PUBLIC THROGGLED THERE— DALGREN ATTENDED, TOO— STANWARD WAS PRESENT THE FIRST DAY— WITH KEEN PERCEPTION DALGREN BEGAN TO STUDY THE MAN—

BING FOUND A NUMBER OF MODELS WHO HAD POSED FOR STANWARD— THEY ALL AGREED THAT HE WORKED HARD BEFORE HIS EASEL AND WAS ALWAYS THE COURTEOUS GENTLEMAN AND HE PAID THEM WELL— HOWEVER, DALGREN WAS NOT SATISFIED— HE DECIDED TO CHECK FURTHER—



THEN WHEN HE HAS FINISHED THE SKETCH, HELEN, YOU ASK HIM TO LET YOU SEE IT—

I UNDER- STAND, BING—

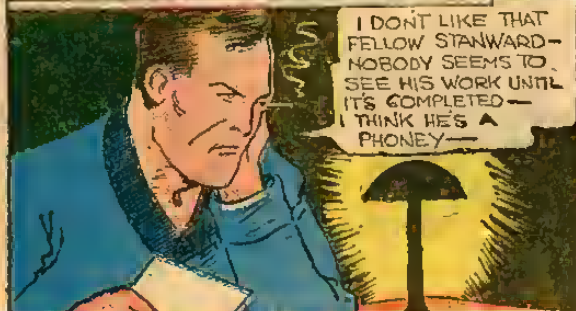


ONLY WHEN I HAVE FINISHED IT, MY DEAR— THEN YOU MAY SEE YOURSELF—

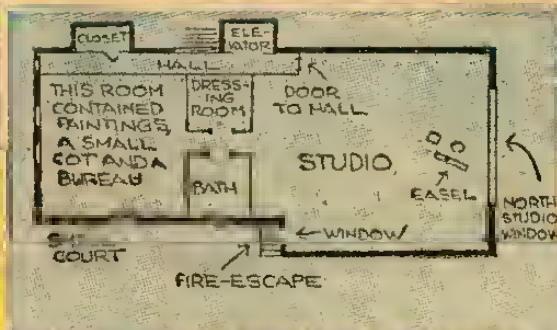
OH, I'D LOVE TO SEE IT NOW, MR. STANWARD—

HE CONFIDED TO A PROFESSIONAL MODEL WHOSE FACE AND FIGURE ADORNED MAGAZINE COVERS AND FASHION ADVERTISEMENTS— HAVING WON THE CONFIDENCE OF STANWARD THE ARTIST WAS DELIGHTED TO HAVE THIS MODEL "SIT" FOR HIM—

ON THE APPOINTED DAY THE MODEL APPEARED AND POSED FOR HIM— AS SOON AS HE HAD FINISHED THE FIRST "ROUGHING IN" THE MODEL ASKED IF SHE MIGHT SEE HIS SKETCH— STANWARD, HOWEVER, LOWERED A DRAPE OVER THE PICTURE— NONE OF HIS MODELS COULD SEE A PAINTING UNTIL IT WAS COMPLETED— IT WAS JUST A WHIM OF HIS— "BAD LUCK, YOU KNOW"—

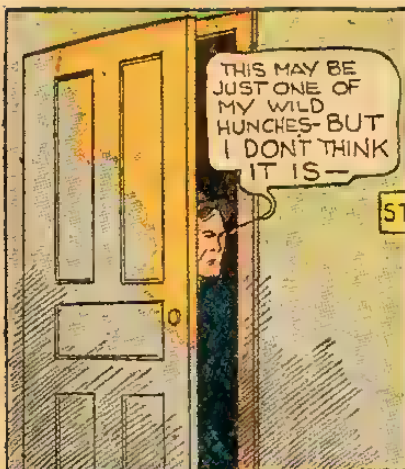


I DON'T LIKE THAT FELLOW STANWARD— NOBODY SEEMS TO SEE HIS WORK UNTIL IT'S COMPLETED— I THINK HE'S A PHONEY—



LEARNING OF THIS PECULIAR "WHIM" DALGREN BEGAN TO LAY PLANS— HIS SUSPICIONS MIGHT LEAD NOWHERE BUT A NEWSPAPERMAN'S JOB IS TO BE "NOSEY" ABOUT EVERYTHING—

FIRST, DALGREN OBTAINED A FLOOR PLAN OF THE STUDIO BUILDING— A FIRE-ESCAPE LED UP TO THE TOP FLOOR THROUGH A SMALL COURT— THERE WAS ONE WINDOW GIVING UPON THIS FIRE-ESCAPE THROUGH WHICH STANWARD'S STUDIO COULD BE SEEN—



NEXT, DALGREN FOUND A CHARWOMAN'S CLOSET ON STANWARD'S FLOOR CONTAINING MOPS, BROOMS, PAILS, ETC.—THE CHARWOMEN DID THEIR CLEANING AT NIGHT—BING ASSIGNED HIMSELF TO WATCH STANWARD'S STUDIO DOOR FROM THIS CLOSET DURING DAYTIME—



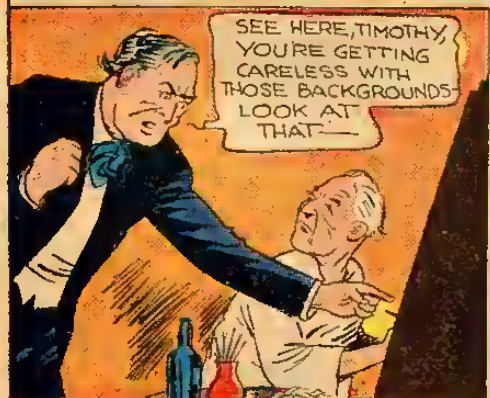
FOR THREE DAYS HE MAINTAINED HIS VIGIL AND WAS RE- WARDERD WHEN HE SAW A SMALL, WEAZENED, DISSIPATED, LITTLE OLD MAN EMERGE FROM THE STUDIO DOOR— HE WAS POORLY DRESSED AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERVANT— SEVERAL TIMES, DURING THE DAY THE OLD MAN LEFT AND RETURNED—PROBABLY A CARETAKER, BECAUSE STANWARD HAD MANY VALUABLE PAINTINGS IN THE STUDIO AND THE ARTIST DIDNT RESIDE THERE—



THE NIGHT FOLLOWING HIS DISCOVERY OF THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN, DALGREN WENT TO THE ROOF OF THE STUDIO BUILDING AND DROPPED STEALTHILY TO THE FIRE-ESCAPE WHICH MIGHT OFFER HIM A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE STUDIO ITSELF—



THERE AN EERIE SIGHT MET HIS EYES— SEATED BEFORE A MASSIVE EASEL WAS THE WEAZENED, LITTLE OLD MAN— A BOTTLE WAS ON A TABLE ON WHICH OIL COLORS WERE LAID OUT— THOUGH DALGREN COULDN'T SEE THE PAINTING, HE OBSERVED WITH WHAT DEFTNESS AND CONFIDENCE THE OLD MAN EXECUTED HIS STROKES— STANW RD WAS NOT PRESENT— WAS THE CARETAKER TRYING TO EMULATE HIS EMPLOYER? IT LOOKED LIKE IT—



NEXT NIGHT DALGREN KEPT ANOTHER VIGIL— THIS TIME HIS DEDUCTIONS BEGAN TO BEAR FRUIT— HE NOTED THAT STANWARD WAS PRESENT AND BERATING THE LITTLE MAN AND CRITICIZING HIS WORK—



HE TOLD THE OLD MAN THAT THESE PAINTINGS WERE BRINGING LARGE SUMS OF MONEY AND THAT HE (STANWARD) EXPECTED THE BEST OF THE MAN'S TALENTS, OTHERWISE HE WOULD THROW HIM OUT—



WITHOUT ME
YOU'D STARVE—
AND GET NO DRINKS
EITHER—

PLEASE,
MR. STANWARD,
DON'T THROW
ME OUT—
HAVEN'T I DONE
EVERYTHING
YOU'VE ASKED?

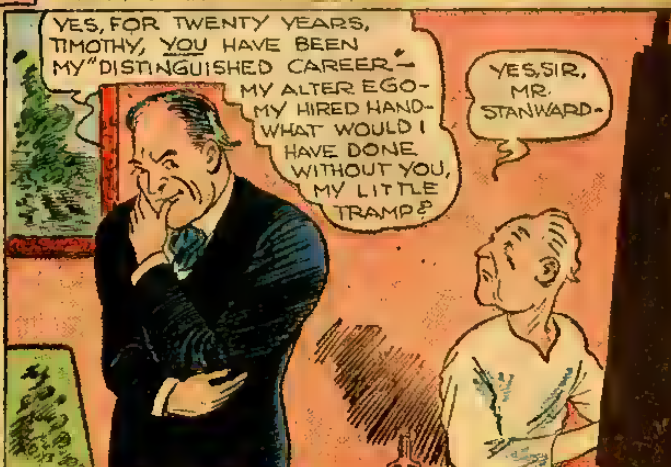


AND THESE PRETTY-GIRL
PORTRAITS—I'VE GOT TO FIND
PHOTOS OF THEM SO YOU
CAN PAINT FROM THEM—
I'M DOING MY PART—
YOU'VE GOT TO DO
YOURS, TIMOTHY—

YES,
MR.
STANWARD—

HE TOLD THE LITTLE MAN IT WAS TROUBLE ENOUGH
FOR HIM TO GET PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MODELS—
HE HAD ENGAGED SO THAT THE OLD MAN COULD
PAINT THEM AT NIGHT WITHOUT HAVING HIM "BOTCH"
THEM UP—(AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY WERE NOT
"BOTCHED" BECAUSE THE LITTLE MAN POSSESSED THE
TALENT OF A GREAT ARTIST)

THE LITTLE MAN BEGGED TO BE RE-
TAINED AS HE HAD NO PLACE TO GO—
STANWARD PULLED THE EASEL AROUND
SO THAT UNCONSCIOUSLY HE REVEALED
TO DALGREN OUTSIDE A BEAUTIFUL
PAINTING—



YES, FOR TWENTY YEARS,
TIMOTHY, YOU HAVE BEEN
MY "DISTINGUISHED CAREER"—
MY ALTER EGO—
MY HIRED HAND—
WHAT WOULD I
HAVE DONE
WITHOUT YOU,
MY LITTLE
TRAMP?

YESSIR,
MR.
STANWARD—

FOR TWENTY YEARS THE MAN HAD BEEN WORKING FOR
STANWARD—IN FACT, SINCE STANWARD BEGAN HIS
"DISTINGUISHED CAREER"—DALGREN NOW KNEW HE
HAD A "HOT STORY"—BUT WHO WAS THIS MAN STANWARD
ADDRESSED AS "TIMOTHY"?—HE'D FIND OUT—

THE ARGUMENT WAS EVIDENTLY FOR THE
PURPOSE OF KEEPING THE OLD MAN
SUBDUED AND UNDER THE SPELL OF
STANWARD—SHOULD THE LITTLE MAN
EVER LEAVE STANWARD WOULD BE
THROUGH—



I'M GOING TO
NURSE THIS
STORY—I THINK
I'VE GOT SOME-
THING—I WONDER
WHAT THE
LITTLE GUY'S
LAST NAME
IS—



THE OLD MAN'S NAME IS
TIMOTHY KEESE—I THINK
HE'S SORT OF A BUTLER
FOR MR.
STANWARD—

THANKS,
HERE'S A
FIVE-SPOT—

WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS, THE STORY WOULD
BE TERRIFIC—INSTINCT WARNED HIM TO HOLD
IT BECAUSE IT MIGHT DEVELOP INTO A
BIGGER STORY—AND IT DID—

IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR DALGREN TO LEARN THE
LITTLE MAN'S FULL NAME—MAIL FOR EVERYONE IN THE
BUILDING WAS RECEIVED BY AN ATTENDANT IN THE FOYER—
SO DALGREN TALKED TO THE ATTENDANT—THE OLD
MAN'S NAME WAS TIMOTHY KEESE—



I'M TIRED OF IT ALL, STANWARD—
I'LL TELL THE WHOLE WORLD
WHAT YOU ARE—I'LL TELL
EVERYONE WHO HAS
DONE ALL THE WORK
FOR WHICH YOU'VE
TAKEN CREDIT—



CITY DESK?—MARTY
THIS IS DALGREN—
PHONE ME ANYTIME TONIGHT
IF YOU GET ANY HOMICIDE
FLASH—YES, ANY
HOMICIDE—AND LET
ME COVER IT ALONE—
GOODBYE—

THE FAMOUS REPORTER, AFTER LISTENING TO THE
HEATED DISCUSSION, RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT
AND PHONED THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE—

ONCE AGAIN DALGREN DROPPED ONTO
THE FIRE-ESCAPE—LOOKING THROUGH
THE WINDOW HE SAW STANWARD IN A
VIOLENT ARGUMENT WITH TIMOTHY
KEESE—KEESE HAD BEEN SUPPLIED
WITH PLenty OF BOTTLES—THE LITTLE
MAN WAS VERY BELLIGERENT NOW—

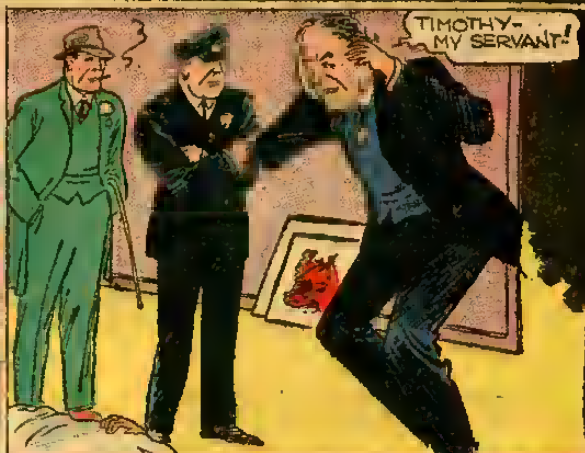


GET ME
A TAXI—

A CLEAR CASE OF THE
LITTLE GUY BEING
BUMPED
OFF, EH,
MAC?

SURE, MR.
DALGREN—THE
BOYS ARE TAKING
FINGERPRINTS
NOW—WE CAN'T
FIND THE GUN—
IT WASN'T
SUICIDE—

AT 4 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING THE PHONE CALL
CAME—THERE HAD BEEN A MURDER IN A STUDIO
BUILDING—AN ELDERLY MAN, THE "SERVANT" OF JOSEPH
STANWARD, WAS FOUND DEAD WITH A BULLET THROUGH
HIS HEART—IT MIGHT PROVE TO BE A SUICIDE—



TIMOTHY—
MY SERVANT!

BING DALGREN RUSHED TO STANWARD'S STUDIO
TO FIND POLICE AND DETECTIVES PRESENT—
THE LITTLE OLD MAN WAS LYING ON THE
FLOOR AS HE HAD FALLEN—

A FEW MINUTES LATER, STANWARD HIMSELF
ARRIVED—HE WAS SHOCKED TO FIND HIS
"FAITHFUL SERVANT" DEAD—HE HAD SERVED HIM
FOR MANY YEARS—STANWARD WAS SO SHAKEN
BY THE TRAGEDY THAT HE WOULD NEVER PAINT
AGAIN, HE SAID—

HOWEVER, DALGREN SUSPECTED THE TRUTH—
HE KNEW WHAT BOTH
THE POLICE AND PUBLIC
NEVER DREAMED—
JOSEPH STANWARD'S
NATIONAL REPUTATION
WOULD PROTECT HIM
FROM THE SUSPICION THAT
HE MIGHT BE IMPLICATED
IN THE MURDER OF
TIMOTHY KEESE—

DID YOU
EVER SEE AN
OLD FELLOW
NAMED TIMOTHY
KEESE AROUND
HERE, JOE?

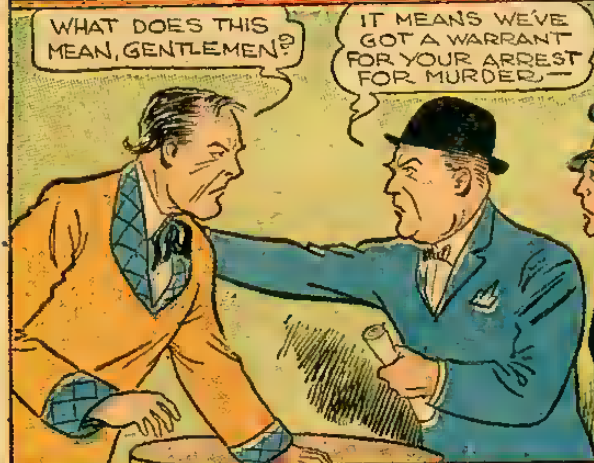


A LITTLE GUY—OH, SURE—
HE PLAYS CHESS TWICE A
WEEK AT THE CLUB UP
STAIRS—GOOD CHESS PLAYER
I HEAR—HE TALKS A
LOT ABOUT WHEN HE
LIVED ABROAD—
OTHERWISE NOBODY
SEEMS TO KNOW
HIS BUSINESS—WORKS
FOR SOME MR. BIG,
I UNDERSTAND—

BING QUICKLY CHECKED EVERY RESORT AND SPOT IN THE VICINITY—
SOMEONE CERTAINLY MUST BE FAMILIAR WITH THE OLD MAN'S HABITS—
YES, A BARMAN KNEW HIM—



KEESE, OBVIOUSLY WAS A MAN OF BRAINS—AND HE HAD ONCE LIVED ABROAD—DALGREN HURRIED TO A PUBLIC LIBRARY—THERE HE LOCATED A VOLUME DEVOTED TO FAMOUS ARTISTS—STANWARD'S NAME WAS NOT AMONG THEM—



WITH THAT, DALGREN NOTIFIED THE POLICE TO BRING JOSEPH STANWARD TO HEADQUARTERS—



AFTER A SENSATIONAL TRIAL JOSEPH STANWARD, THE CROOK, WAS CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER, AND SENT TO PRISON FOR "TWENTY YEARS TO LIFE"

BUT THIS IS WHAT HE SAW ON ONE OF THE PAGES

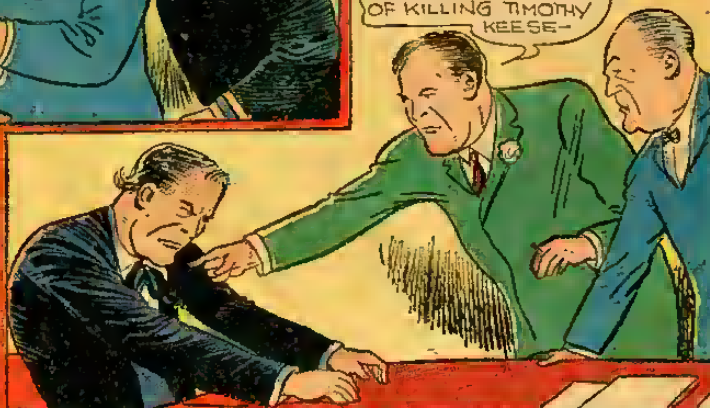
KEESE, TIMOTHY: MUNICH SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS; BEAUX ARTS, PARIS; SORBONNE, PARIS; PROFESSOR OF ART, LEIPZIG; MEMBER OF IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF ART, MOSCOW; DISTINGUISHED COLORIST AND TEACHER; PAINTINGS HANGING IN LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, MUNICH, VIENNA AND BRUSSELS; AWARDED 'GRANDE PRIX, INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, PARIS, 1908; NOW LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

BING NOW KNEW THE ANSWER AND ACTED ACCORDINGLY—AND FAST—



TIMOTHY KEESE COULD HAVE HAD NO ENEMIES—ONLY ONE, PERHAPS—BING KNEW WHO IT MIGHT BE—KEESE HAD THREATENED TO EXPOSE STANWARD—DALGREN ASKED HIS MANAGING EDITOR TO GET THE STORY OF STANWARD READY FOR THE PRESS—

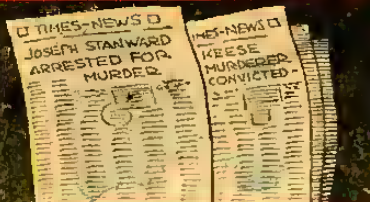
I ACCUSE THIS MAN OF KILLING TIMOTHY KEESE—



CONFRONTING THE SMOOTH STANWARD AND WITH DRAMATIC SUDDENNESS, BING DALGREN CHARGED JOSEPH STANWARD WITH THE MURDER OF TIMOTHY KEESE—

ONCE MORE BING DALGREN SCOOPED THE TOWN

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS



THORNTON FISHER



in "OUT OF THIS WORLD!"

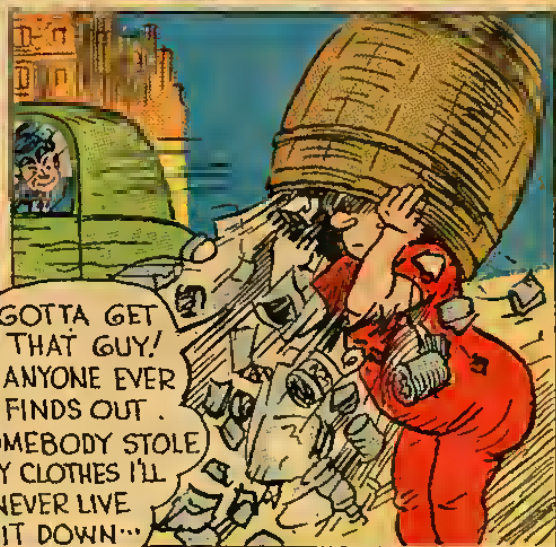
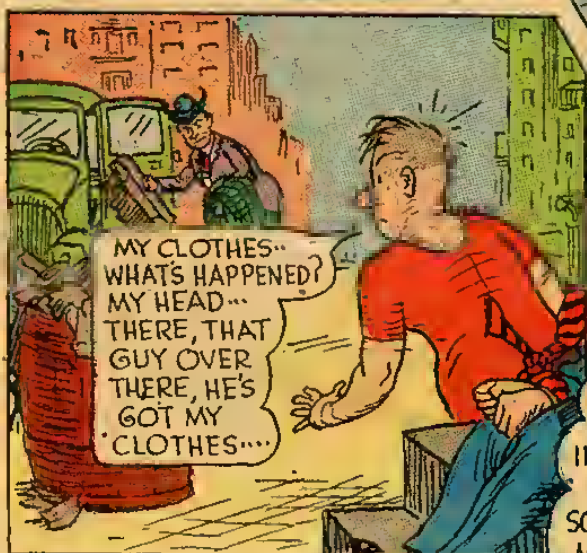
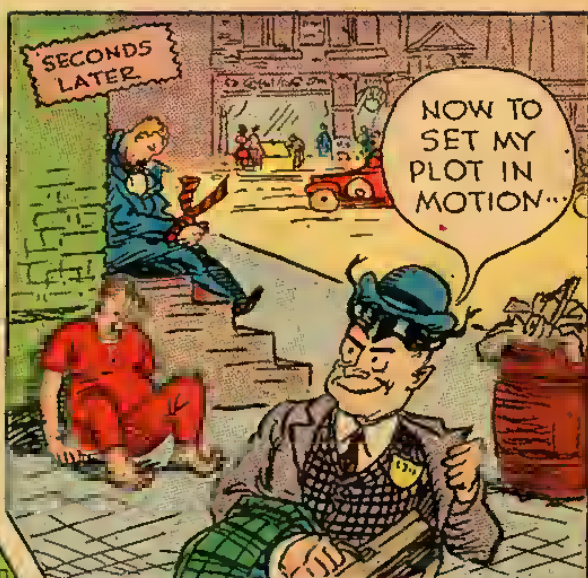
BAH...SWING AND JIVE WITH DANNY DIVE! NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO ABSURD!

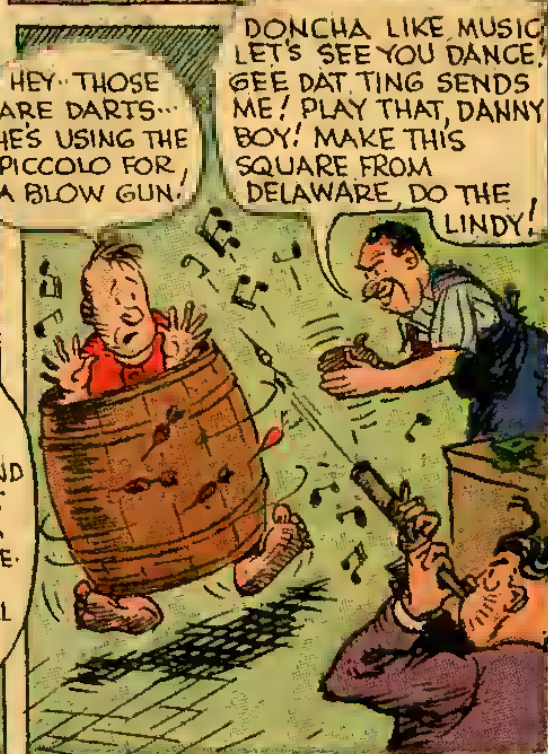
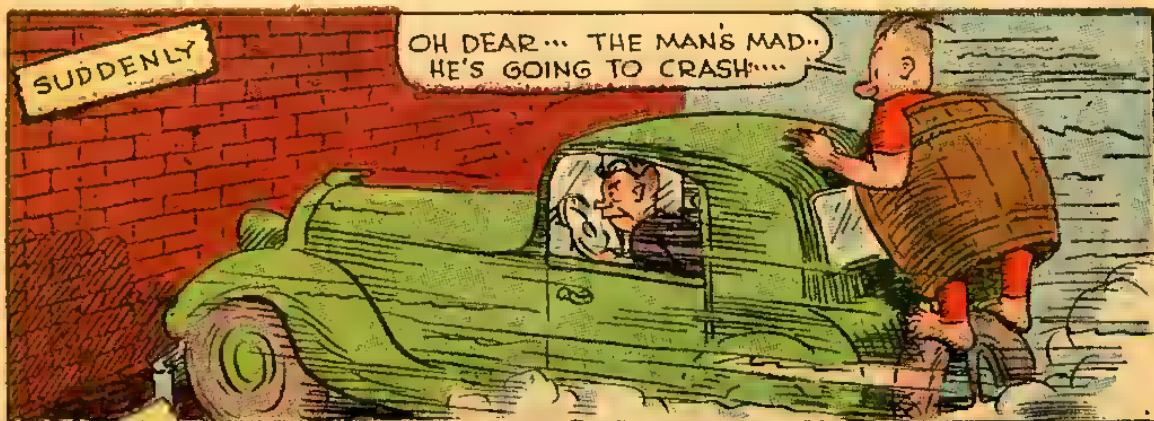
FLATTY COULD TAKE SWING MUSIC OR LET IT ALONE. THAT IS, UNTIL THE DAY THAT DANNY DIVE WENT AFTER HIM FOR NO GOOD PURPOSE YOU MAY BE SURE. IT WAS RIGHT AFTER THE POLICEMAN'S BALL... THAT....

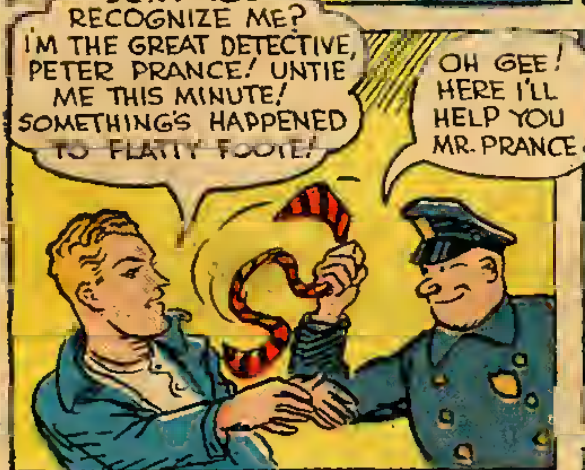
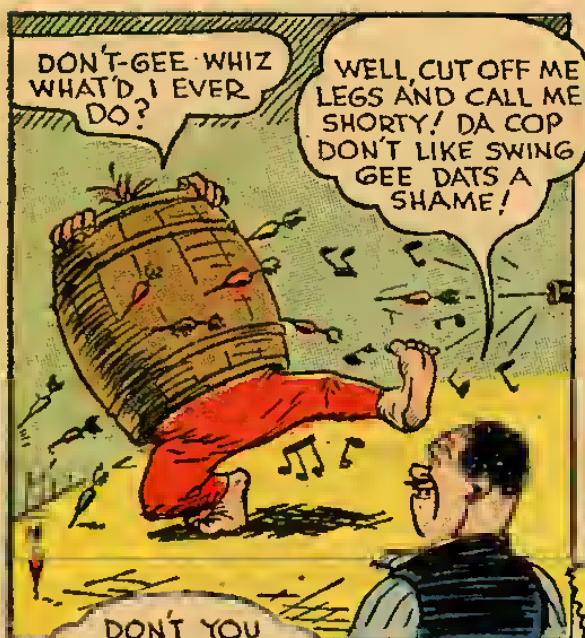
THAT THERE ORCHESTRA AT THE BALL WAS PRETTY GOOD!

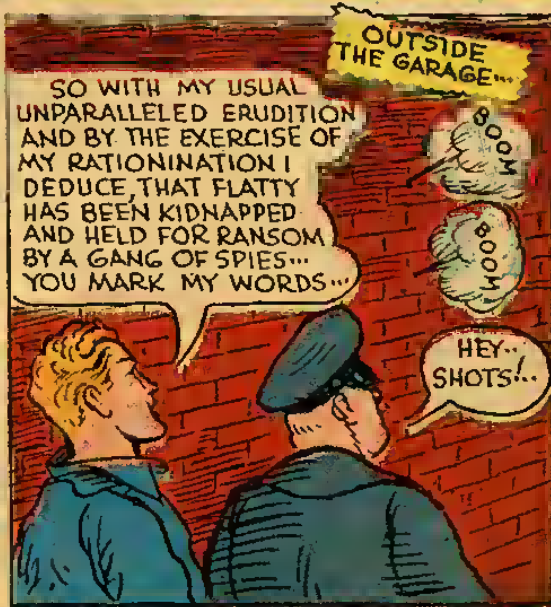
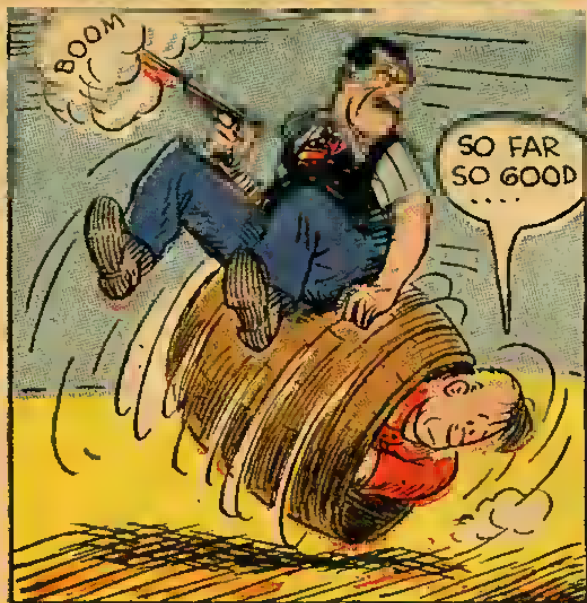
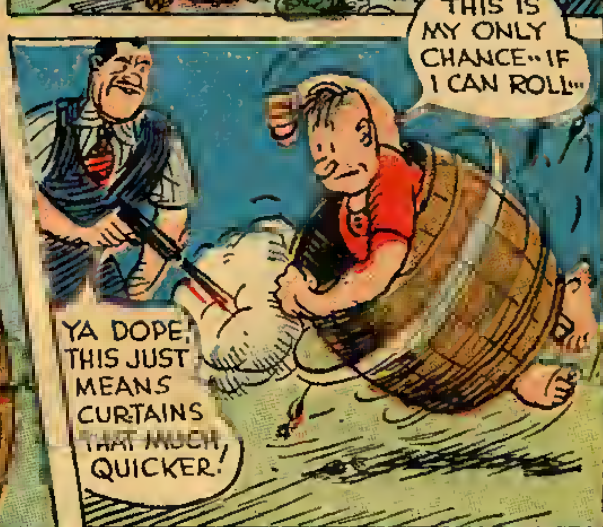
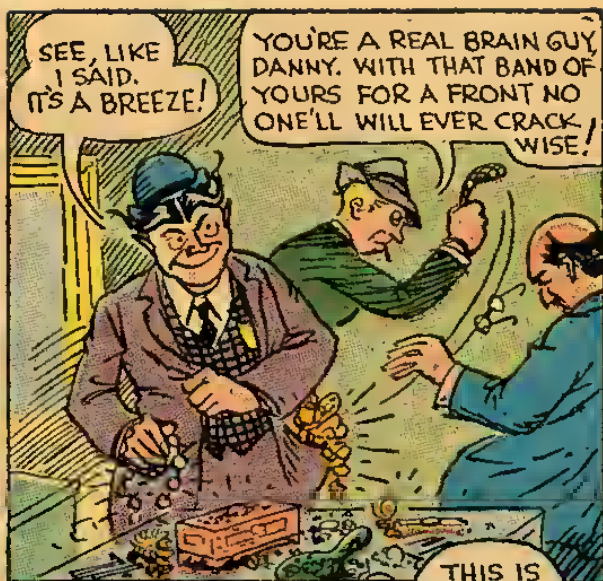
SO! I'M ABSURD AM I? ALL I REALLY WANT IS, THAT FLAT FOOT'S BADGE, BUT NOW I'LL REALLY TAKE CARE OF THEM!

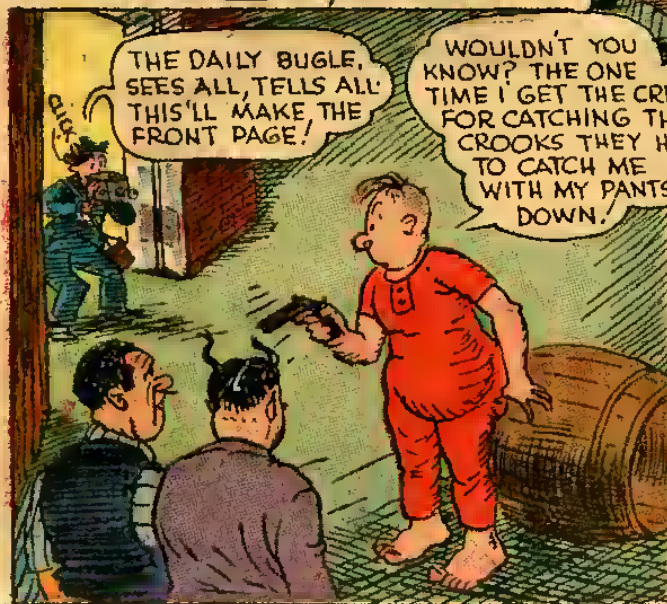
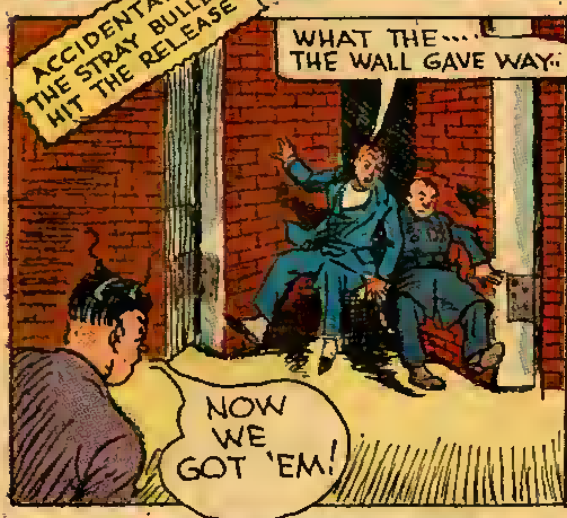
SWING & JIVE WITH DANNY DIVE











DEWEY OF MANILA

WE DID IT BEFORE ---

YOU MAY FIRE
WHEN YOU ARE
READY, GRIDLEY.



ILLUSTRATED
BY
AL BARE

WHENEVER UNCLE SAM HAS NEEDED A MAN
FOR THE JOB HE HAS NEVER BEEN LET
DOWN. HE'LL FIND ONE TO RID THE PACIFIC
OF THE JAPS.



THE YOUNG, VIGOROUS LAD, BORN IN THE VERMONT HILLS, WAS ALWAYS READY TO TAKE A CHANCE.

GO ON, GID-DAP! WE'LL MAKE IT!



WE LIKED TO DO THINGS THAT OTHERS WOULDN'T DARE.

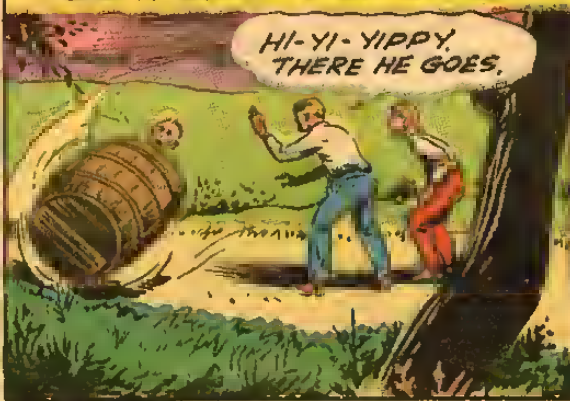
THE DARNED LITTLE FOOL WILL BREAK HIS NECK, WHO IS HE?

GEORGE DEWEY.

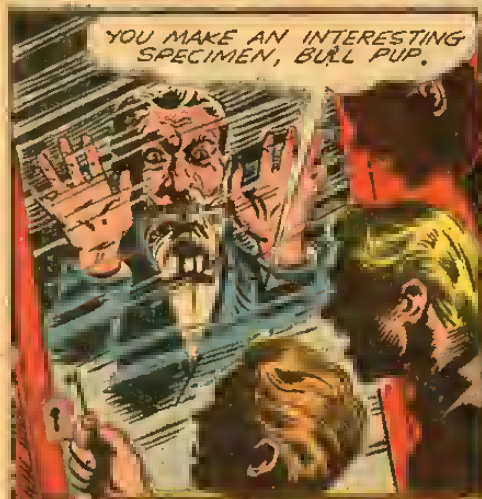


LIKE MOST AMERICAN BOYS, DEWEY LIKED APPLES AND TOOK THEM WHERE THEY GREW. THEIR TEACHER GOT INSIDE A BARREL TO SPY ON THEM.

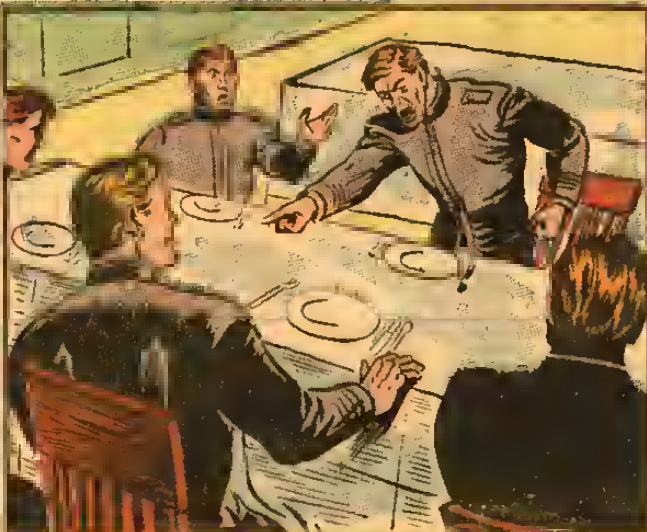
HI-YI-YIPPY, THERE HE GOES.



YOU MAKE AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN, BULL PUP.



DEWEY'S LOVE OF PRANKS FOLLOWED HIM TO THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS. THE CADETS PUT A DISLIKED INSTRUCTOR IN A GLASS CASE.



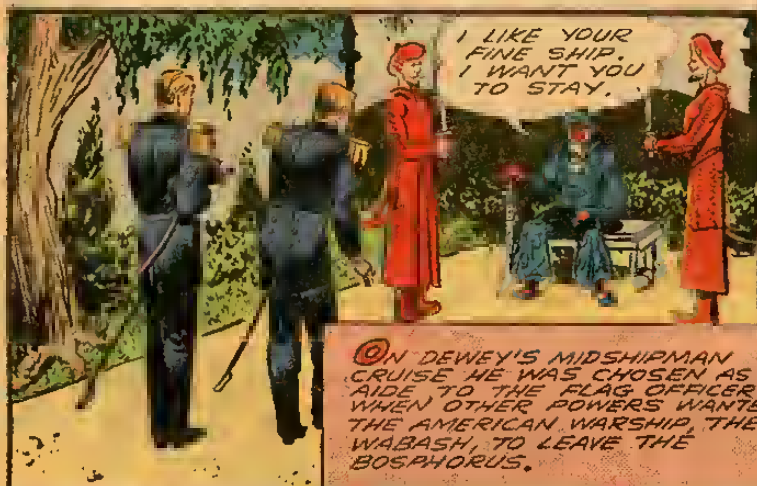
CADET GOT CARELESS AND CALLED THE LAD FROM VERMONT A VILE NAME WHICH DEWEY WOULDN'T TAKE NO MATTER WHAT SIZE HE WAS.



DEWNEY QUICKLY SHOWED HIM HIS MISTAKE, WHEN CALLED UP FOR DISCIPLINE, THE COMMANDANT TOLD THE WHIPPED BOY HE GOT JUST WHAT HE DESERVED.



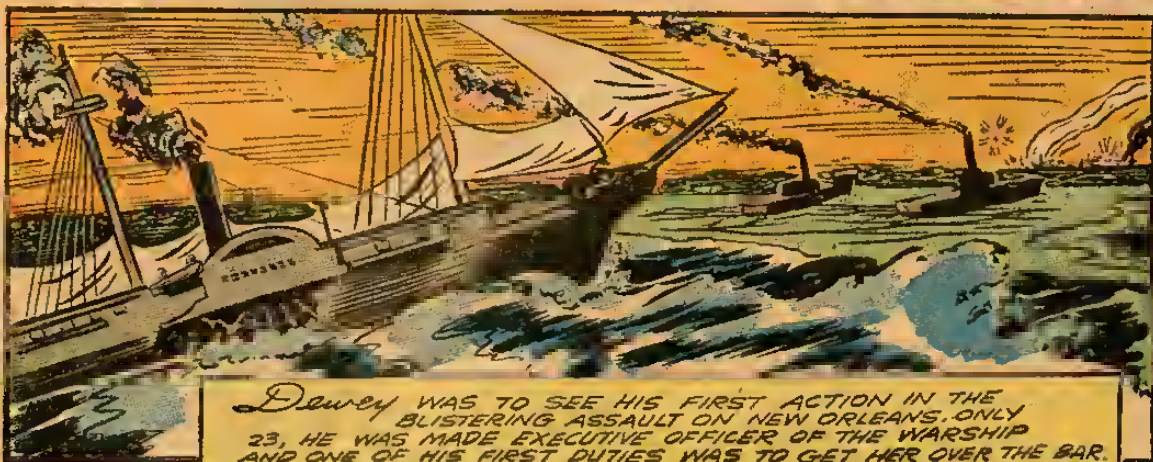
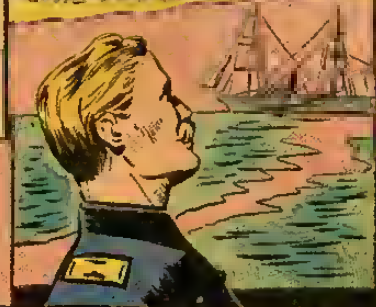
GEORGE DEWEY, LITTLE KNOWN TO THE COUNTRY BEFORE MANILA, STOOD 33RD IN HIS CLASS AT THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR, FIFTH ON GRADUATION IN 1858 AND THIRD ON HIS RETURN FROM THE MIDSHIPMEN'S CRUISE. HE WAS THE FIRST GRADUATE OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY TO BECOME AN ADMIRAL.



I LIKE YOUR FINE SHIP. I WANT YOU TO STAY.

ON DEWEY'S MIDSHIPMAN CRUISE HE WAS CHOSEN AS AIDE TO THE FLAG OFFICER WHEN OTHER POWERS WANTED THE AMERICAN WARSHIP, THE WABASH, TO LEAVE THE BOSPHORUS.

ON MAY 10, 1861, DEWEY WAS ASSIGNED TO THE SIDE-WHEELER MISSISSIPPI WHICH WAS SENT TO BLOCK-ADE THE GULF OF MEXICO AT THE BEGINNING OF THE



Dewey WAS TO SEE HIS FIRST ACTION IN THE BLISTERING ASSAULT ON NEW ORLEANS. ONLY 23, HE WAS MADE EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE WARSHIP AND ONE OF HIS FIRST DUTIES WAS TO GET HER OVER THE BAR.

OFFICERS OF HIGHER RANK COMPLAINED THAT YOUNG DEWEY WAS GIVEN THE IMPORTANT POST AHEAD OF THEM. CAPT. SMITH TOOK THE MATTER UP WITH ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

DEWEY IS DOING FINE WORK. I WANT TO KEEP HIM.

THEN WE WILL LET HIM STAY WHERE HE IS.



AFTER CAREFUL PREPARATION, FARRAGUT WAS READY TO ATTACK. THE SIGNAL WAS TWO RED LIGHTS AT THE PEAK OF THE HARTFORD.



IN ADDITION TO THE GUNS OF THE TWO FORTS THERE WERE THE FIRE RAFTS AND THE DREAD IRONCLAD RAMS.

LOOK! THERE'S THE MANASSA! SHE IS GOING TO RAM US

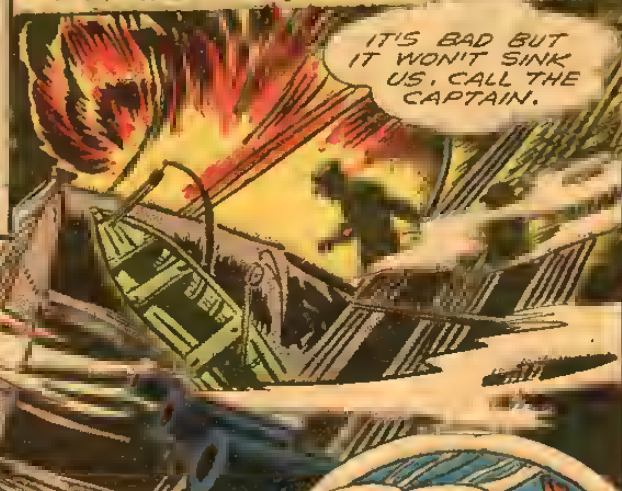
STARBOARD THE HELM!

TRIP THE ANCHOR, STEAM AHEAD!



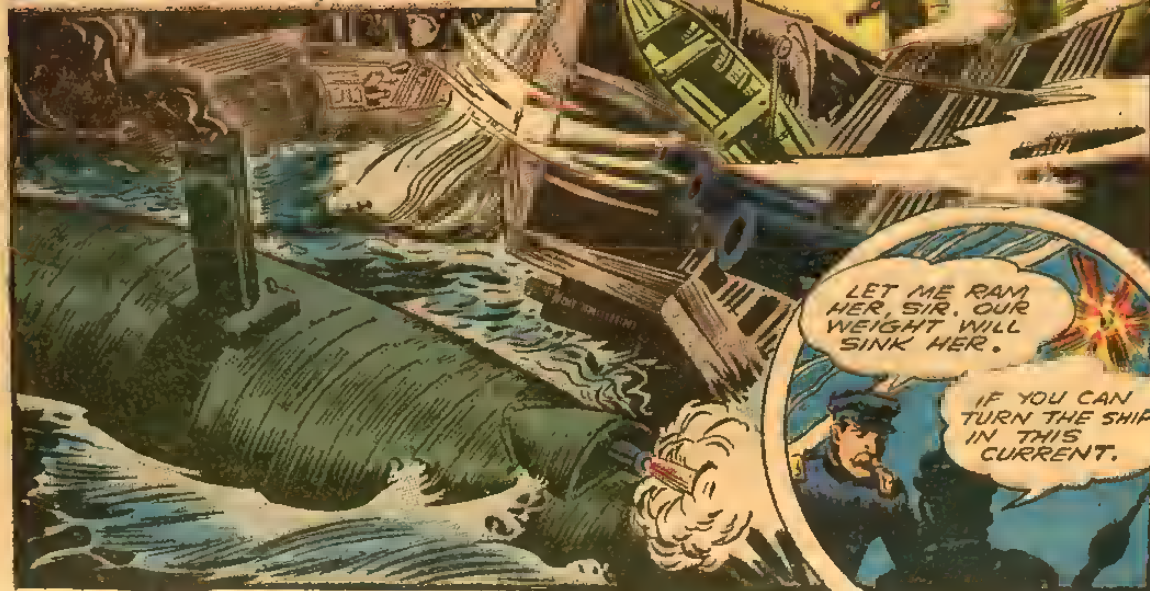
DEWEY'S QUICK ACTION SAVES THE WARSHIP FROM DESTRUCTION, BUT THE POWERFUL RAM STRUCK HER JUST THE SAME.

IT'S BAD BUT IT WON'T SINK US, CALL THE CAPTAIN.



LET ME RAM HER, SIR. OUR WEIGHT WILL SINK HER.

IF YOU CAN TURN THE SHIP IN THIS CURRENT.



IT SEEMED AN IMPOSSIBLE THING TO DO IN THE SWIFT CURRENT AND UNDER THE CONSTANT SHELLING OF THE FORTS, BUT GEORGE DEWEY DID IT.

STRAIGHT ON!
FULL STEAM
AHEAD.

SMALLER AND EASIER TO HANDLE, THE DREADED RAM SHEERED OFF, BUT THE GUNS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AND DEWEY'S HANDLING OF THE SHIP, DROVE THE MANASSA ASHORE.

SHE'S FINISHED,
SIR.

GOOD
WORK,
DEWEY.

A YEAR LATER, DEWEY, STILL EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MISSISSIPPI, SENT HER AGAINST THE GUNS OF FORT HUDSON, A TOUGHER JOB THAN NEW ORLEANS. FARRAGUT ALONE GOT PAST, THE DRAFT OF DEWEY'S SHIP PREVENTED HIS GETTING THROUGH!

THE PILOT CALLED THE TURN TOO SOON, RIGHT UNDER THE GUNS OF THE BATTERIES, THE MISSISSIPPI WAS FAST AGROUND.

FULL STEAM ASTERN! RUN THOSE PORT GUNS IN TO BRING HER TO AN EVEN KEEL.

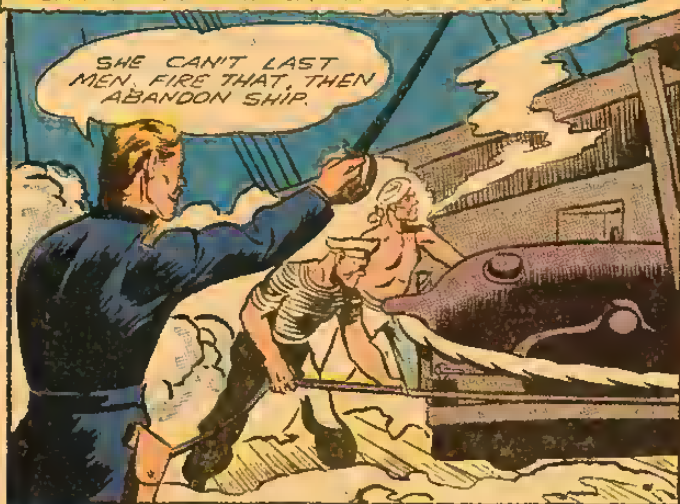
IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF WE COULD GET HER OFF, DEWEY.

NO; IT DOESN'T, AND WE'RE ON FIRE FORWARD.

CONSTANTLY BATTERED BY ACCURATE GUNFIRE, THEY WORKED FOR HALF AN HOUR, BUT COULDN'T BURGE HER.

DEWHEY HASTENS OVER THE SHIP TO CARRY OUT THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS.

SHE CAN'T LAST MEN. FIRE THAT, THEN ABANDON SHIP.



REGARDLESS OF SHELLS BURSTING AROUND HIM, DEWEY SEES THAT THE WOUNDED ARE TAKEN OFF FIRST.

STEADY, BELOW THERE, EASY WITH THESE MEN.



AS A BOY, DEWEY WAS ONE OF THE BEST SWIMMERS IN HIS HOME TOWN. WITHOUT HESITATION, HE GOES OVERBOARD TO SAVE A DROWNING MAN.



WHEN THE CREWS REACHED SAFETY, THEY HAD NO DESIRE TO GO BACK INTO THE INFERNO OF SHELLS TO GET THEIR CONRADES.

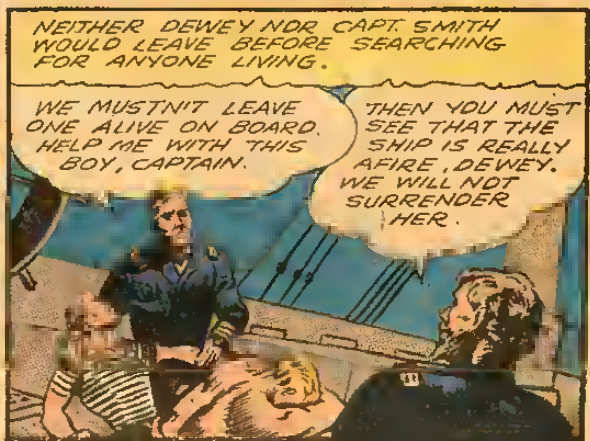
FOUR OF YOU GET INTO THAT BOAT WITH ME. WE'VE GOT TO GET THE REST.



NEITHER DEWEY NOR CAPT. SMITH WOULD LEAVE BEFORE SEARCHING FOR ANYONE LIVING.

WE MUSTN'T LEAVE ONE ALIVE ON BOARD. HELP ME WITH THIS BOY, CAPTAIN.

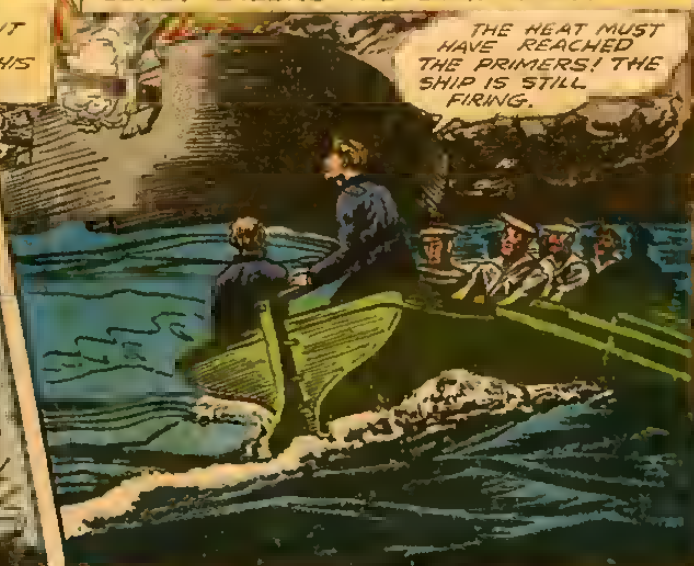
THEN YOU MUST SEE THAT THE SHIP IS REALLY AFIRE, DEWEY. WE WILL NOT SURRENDER HER.



TO CARRY OUT HIS CAPTAIN'S ORDERS, YOUNG DEWEY WENT ALONG INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP AND SET FIRES BY HIS OWN HAND.



DEWEY AND THE CAPTAIN ARE THE LAST TO LEAVE THE DOOMED SHIP, WITH SHELLS BURSTING ALL AROUND THEM, DEWEY STEERS THE BOAT AWAY.



THE HEAT MUST HAVE REACHED THE PRIMERS! THE SHIP IS STILL FIRING.

DEWEY HIMSELF SAYS THAT THE NARROWEST ESCAPE OF HIS CAREER WAS ON BOARD THE MONONGAHELA WHEN A SHELL FROM THE LEVEE EXPLODED RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THREE OFFICERS. CAPTAIN READ WAS KILLED, CAPTAIN JENKINS WOUNDED, BUT DEWEY WAS MIRACULOUSLY UNHURT.



THE RING LEADER OF THE TROUBLE WAS A GIANT OF A MAN, SIX FEET, SIX INCHES TALL, WHO HAD BROKEN HIS CHAINS AND LOUDLY THREATENED TO KILL ANYONE WHO CAME NEAR HIM. YOUNG DEWEY CAME - AND THE INSUBORDINATION WAS KILLED.



YOU COME DOWN HERE AND I'LL KILL YOU!
AND IF YOU RAISE A HAND AGAINST ME I WILL KILL YOU.

DEWEY WAS MADE EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE COLORADO WITH 700 MEN. THERE WAS A TOUGH CROWD AMONG THEM. AT TIMES AS MANY AS 100 WERE IN CHAINS AT ONE TIME - BEFORE DEWEY TOOK CHARGE.

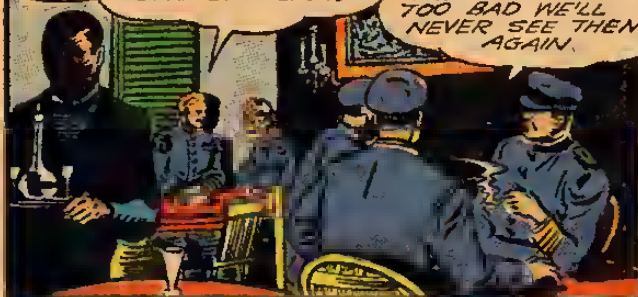


YOU HEARD THE CALL TO QUARTERS. GET ON DECK AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

THE TROUBLE WITH SPAIN WAS RUSHING TOWARD WAR. DEWEY WAS AT HONG KONG IN COMMAND OF THE ASIATIC SQUADRON AND THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES GAVE HIS SMALL COMMAND NO CHANCES AT ALL.

MANILA IS IMPREGNABLE WITH ITS FORTS AND THE SPANISH FLEET.

THE AMERICANS ARE FINE FELLOWS. TOO BAD WE'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN.

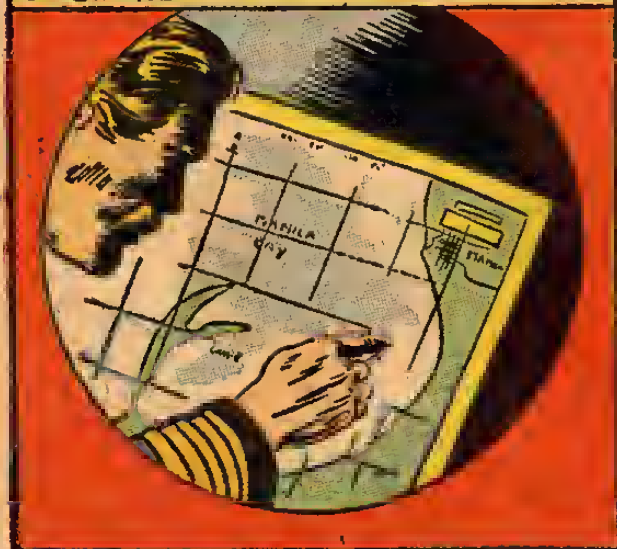


COMMODORE DEWEY GETS THE NEWS.

WAR HAS COMMENCED BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN. PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS... YOU MUST CAPTURE OR DESTROY THE VESSELS...

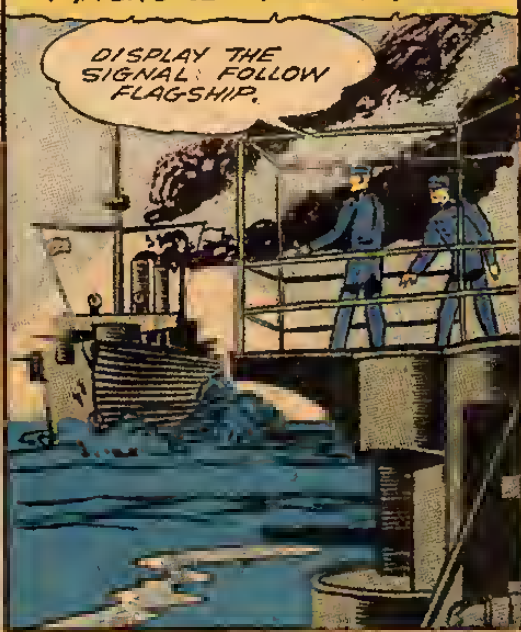
John D. Long
SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE LATEST AMERICAN INFORMATION ON THE PHILIPPINES WAS DATED 1876. DEWEY, LIKE FARRAGUT BEFORE HIM, WAS CAREFUL IN HIS PREPARATIONS, THEN STRUCK LIKE LIGHTNING. THEY ORIGINATED THE "BLITZKRIEG."



ANCHORS AWEIGH.

DISPLAY THE SIGNAL. FOLLOW FLAGSHIP.



THAT IS CORREGIDOR. IT IS STRONG AS GIBRALTAR.

DEWEY AND HIS STAFF EXPECTED THAT THE SPANISH FLEET WOULD BE IN SUBIG BAY, BUT FINDING THEY WERE NOT THERE, DEWEY ORDERED THE SQUADRON ON TO MANILA BAY WHICH THEY ENTERED AT NIGHT.



THEY STEAMED THROUGH THE NIGHT, SLOWING THEIR SPEED SO AS TO COME UPON THE ENEMY AT DAYLIGHT. KNOWING THE STRENGTH OF THE MANILA FORTS, THEY LOOKED FOR THE SPANIARDS THERE, BUT WERE AGAIN DISAPPOINTED.

DEWEY LED HIS SQUADRON TOWARD THE SPANISH WARSHIPS AS SOON AS THEY WERE SIGHTED. THE MANILA BATTERIES OPENED FIRE ON THEM, MINES WERE EXPLODED BEFORE THEM AND THE GUNS AT CAVITE OPENED UP. THE AMERICANS ANSWERED ONLY WITH SECONDARY GUNS AGAINST ATTACKING TORPEDO LAUNCHES.

THERE'S THE ENEMY, SIR, BEFORE CAVITE.

NOW WE HAVE THEM.

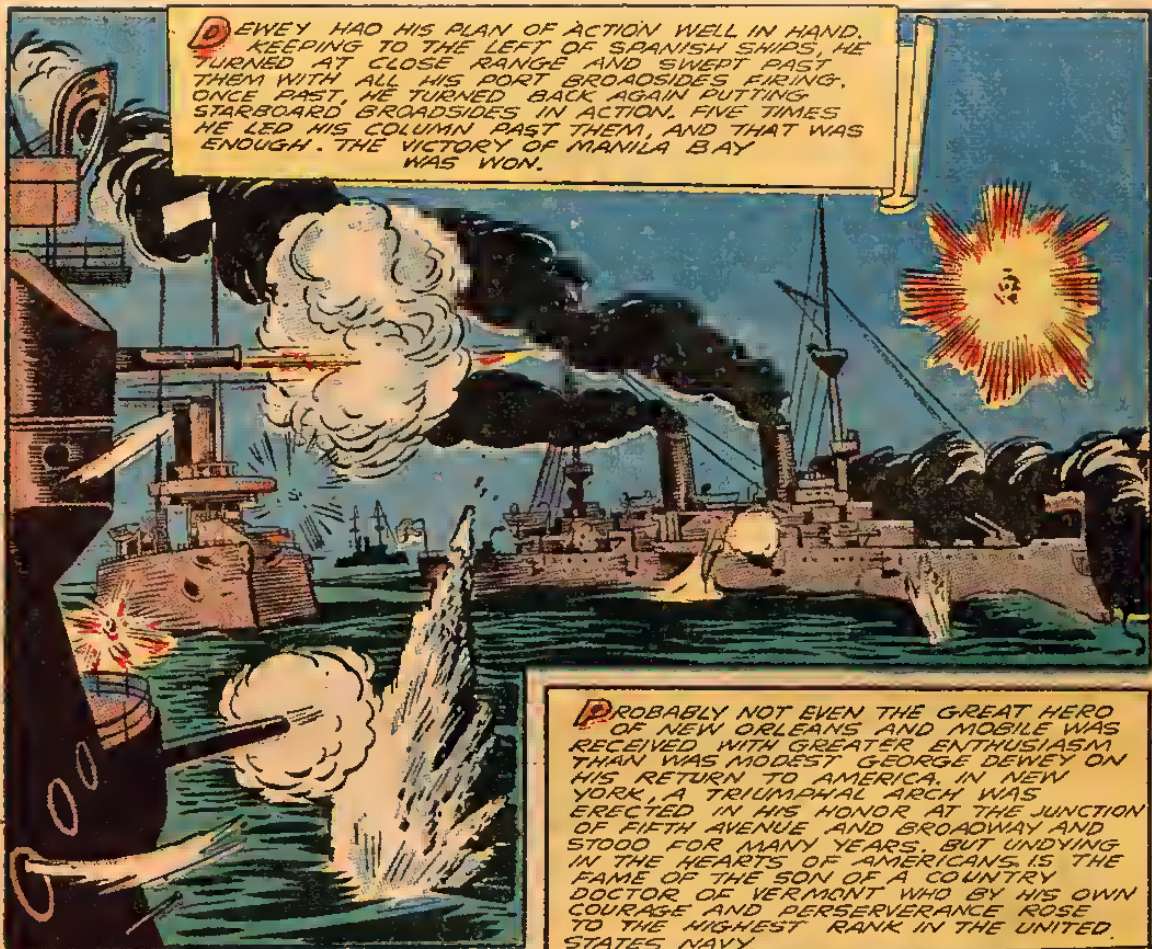
WE WILL HOLD OUR FIRE UNTIL WE ARE CLOSE.

STEADILY THE LINE OF AMERICAN SHIPS PLOUGHED ON. THE OLYMPIA LED WITH THE FIVE OTHERS FOLLOWING TWO HUNDRED YARDS APART IN A SINGLE LINE. THE AMMUNITION WAS LIMITED AND DEWEY COOLLY WAITED. FINALLY HE TURNED

TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE OLYMPIA-

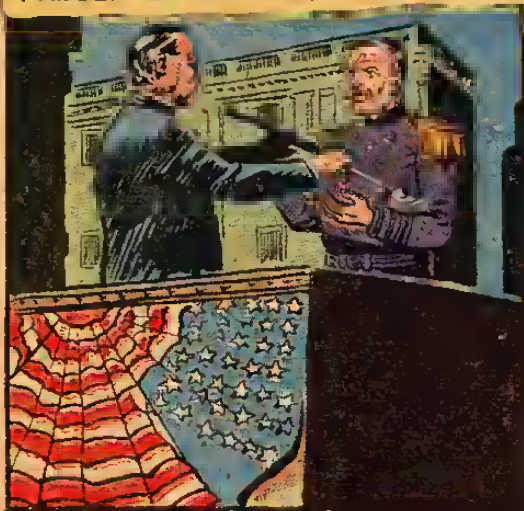
YOU MAY FIRE WHEN YOU ARE READY, GRIDLEY!

DEWEEY HAD HIS PLAN OF ACTION WELL IN HAND. KEEPING TO THE LEFT OF SPANISH SHIPS, HE TURNED AT CLOSE RANGE AND SWEEP PAST THEM WITH ALL HIS PORT BROADSIDES FIRING. ONCE PAST, HE TURNED BACK AGAIN PUTTING STARBOARD BROADSIDES IN ACTION. FIVE TIMES HE LED HIS COLUMN PAST THEM, AND THAT WAS ENOUGH. THE VICTORY OF MANILA BAY WAS WON.



PROBABLY NOT EVEN THE GREAT HERO OF NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE WAS RECEIVED WITH GREATER ENTHUSIASM THAN WAS MODEST GEORGE DEWEY ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA. IN NEW YORK, A TRIUMPHAL ARCH WAS ERECTED IN HIS HONOR AT THE JUNCTION OF FIFTH AVENUE AND BROADWAY AND STOOD FOR MANY YEARS. BUT UNDYING IN THE HEARTS OF AMERICANS IS THE FAME OF THE SON OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR OF VERMONT WHO BY HIS OWN COURAGE AND PERSISTENCE ROSE TO THE HIGHEST RANK IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

IN 1899, GEORGE DEWEY WAS PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF ADMIRAL, FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS HERO, DAVID FARRAGUT, AND DAVID DIXON PORTER. CONGRESS VOTED HIM A SWORD OF HONOR WHICH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY PRESENTED TO HIM.





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